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VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1879.

NUMBER 14.

POETRY.

THE YEARS.

SILENT—silent! like God's blessing, on a sin-  
dered earth!  
Coming, coming, with a glory and a promise at  
their birth!

Wondrous, wondrous, white-winged heralds, with  
a wordless mystery,  
Bearing with them gleam and glimmer of the far-  
off "Jasper sea."

Swiftly, swiftly, down our earth-way, bringing  
treasure all unknown;  
Reaching out still hands to touch us with the ra-  
diance of a Throne.

Silent—silent! going—going—out beyond our ut-  
most reach.  
Bearing with them so much sweetness, scarce we  
knew they came to teach.

Swiftly—swiftly—while we struggle for a little  
less or more,  
Down their tide dear footsteps vanish, leaving  
ours upon the shore!

Calmly—calmly—while our pulses beat to every  
siren tone,  
On their waves our sunlight trembles, and our  
day grows dim at noon!

Onward—onward—ending ever at God's foot-stool  
Ah! will he  
Merge these weary fragments into His serene  
Eternity!

STORE TELLER.

THE RODLEYS AND TAFFERTONS.  
TWO WAYS OF LIVING YOUR LIFE—A STORY  
PARTICULARLY FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Whirrington is a pleasant manufac-  
turing village. A great woolen mill  
forms its chief industry, but several  
lesser establishments use the same  
water-power, and out-of-town, capital-  
ists are purchasing mill sites along the  
stream, so that Whirrington is in a  
fair way to become an important  
place. Rodley and Tafferton are the  
owners of the great mill yonder; and  
a little further on are two large and  
elegant mansions, surrounded by well  
kept grounds. These are the homes  
of the Rodleys and Taffertons. My  
husband is the superintendent in the  
woolen mill, and we have lived in  
Whirrington only a few months. Dur-  
ing this time, however, on account of  
my husband's business connections, I  
have come to know very well the Rod-  
leys and Taffertons, and as they are  
families quite representative of certain  
prevalent New England types, the ob-  
servations which I have made upon  
them have furnished a text for many  
serious thoughts to myself, as I trust  
they may to others.

Messrs. Rodley and Tafferton were  
cousins, and the sons of poor men;  
yet they had been brought up among  
good people, and people of intelli-  
gence and culture as well. After a  
somewhat limited education in the  
schools, Mr. Rodley had gathered to-  
gether some capital, and Mr. Taff-  
erton, who had early entered a woolen  
mill as book-keeper, and had subse-  
quently taken a practical part of his  
ownership with his cousin, had invest-  
ed the capital, and brought his own  
skilled labor into use, and thus togeth-  
er they had built up a first-class in-  
dustry.

They were fast growing rich when  
the panic of 1873 struck them. Their  
shrewdness and integrity carried them  
through, but they were no longer rich,  
though they retained their elegant  
homes. Their incomes, I fancy, hard-  
ly held out from year to year, but they  
were good men, and kept their mill  
running through the hard times of  
1874 and 1875, to give their hands  
work. Then business began to revive  
a little, until, when we went there,  
things were comparatively cheerful.

I had hardly arranged the furniture  
in my pleasant little house, when a  
handsome carriage, drawn by two fine  
horses, came to the door, and Mrs.  
Tafferton swept in upon me. She was  
dressed in elegant style, and should  
have been a young looking woman,  
for her age could not have been more  
than thirty-five. Her face was drawn  
and wrinkled, however, as though she  
were prematurely old, and there were  
lines of care and anxiety about her  
forehead and eyes. She conversed  
simply and pleasantly about the town,  
the church, the prevailing fashions,  
and her close confinement to her home,  
where she said she had but one serv-  
ant to help her, though they had a  
coachman who assisted the cook about  
the heavy work.

"But," said Mrs. Tafferton, quietly  
and uncomplainingly, yet with much  
pathos, "but I do all of my sweeping  
and sewing, take care of my silver,  
and such little things, and I get very  
tired."

"You do not mean, Mrs. Tafferton,"  
I said, in surprise, glancing at her  
dress, which was trimmed in a most  
elaborate way, "that you make your  
own dresses?"

"I certainly do," said Mrs. Taff-  
erton with a little pride, "and those of  
my three children. Oh!"—again with  
that pathetic air—"I get very tired,  
but for moderate wages I cannot hire  
anybody to help me who can suit my  
taste, so I keep my good cook, and do  
myself what she has to leave undone.

Then one must look just so now-a-  
days, and I am very particular about  
my house. Every shelf and closet in  
it I keep in perfect order all the time"  
—this with a perceptible conscious-  
ness of superiority.

"But," I said, meekly, feeling that  
Mrs. Tafferton must know that I could-  
n't cut my own dresses and that cer-  
tain closets in my house were in a  
state of unspeakable confusion at that  
moment, "but do you read much, Mrs.  
Tafferton? do you travel much?"

She turned upon me with a look of  
grieved surprise. "How can I?" she  
said, rather emphatically; "I cannot  
slight my work!" Just then two beau-  
tiful children, not over-dressed but  
plainly indicating by their appearance  
that hours of intelligent work had  
been spent upon their clothing, were  
shown in by my little maid-servant.

"Here," said Mrs. Tafferton, point-  
ing to the little girls with more pride  
and calm triumph in her manner.  
"These and my house represent my  
books and magazines, and my trips  
abroad."

She told me their names and they  
sat down in a quiet, well behaved way,  
until their mother's departure. "I  
bade them call here for me," she said,  
apologetically, "and I would take them  
for a little drive after my call."

But our conversation had been in-  
terrupted, and soon Mrs. Tafferton  
took her leave.

Somehow, I had a sense of poignant  
injury as she rode away, a feeling  
that she had set herself above me, not  
on account of any difference in our  
stations, for Mrs. Tafferton was not a  
small woman in that way, but because  
of her efficiency as a mother and a  
housekeeper.

"Mercy!" I thought guiltily, "if  
she had only seen me reading mag-  
azines the other day instead of dust-  
ing and arranging my rooms! Or if,  
she knew that I often put off making  
bread, or something like it, and pat-  
ronized the bakery, just to take a drive  
with my husband when he feels like  
it, or to play the piano—if Mrs. Taff-  
erton knew these things she would  
think that I was unworthy the name  
of woman!"

But Mrs. Tafferton, as I soon found,  
knew somebody who quite surpassed  
me in these particulars, as well as in  
a good many others, for she knew Mrs.  
Rodley.

It was fully a fortnight after Mrs.  
Tafferton's punctual and proper call  
that a pony phaeton drove up to the  
door, a lady alighted from it, inde-  
pendently "hitched" her own horse in  
front of the house and walked in.—  
Two or three little children were scat-  
tered about in the phaeton, and leaving  
them to wait her return, the lady  
rang my bell. I answered it myself.

"I am Mrs. Rodley," she said, ex-  
tending her hand in a frank and kind-  
ly way, "and I want you to take my  
call to you in a drive this morning. It  
is so pleasant that I have put the two  
little ones into the phaeton, harnessed  
my pony and started out. I meant to  
come before, but—oh, I'll tell you all  
about it if you'll come."

Nobody could resist such an invita-  
tion as this, though I thought with  
terror of Mrs. Tafferton, as I glanced  
at the confusion in my bed-room and  
thought of a basketful of mending  
which ought to have been done two  
days before.

The bright sunshine and exhilarat-  
ing air soon made me forget my ne-  
glected duties, however, though I knew  
Mrs. Tafferton could not have forgot-  
ten them!

"I stopped for Mrs. Tafferton," said  
Mrs. Rodley; "but she just looked at  
me as though I were a lunatic and  
said, 'How can you get time to drive  
so much, Mrs. Rodley? I have so  
much to do that I couldn't think of it,  
thank you.' I knew she wouldn't go,  
and I knew she would think I was  
dreadful, but I don't care."

This was rattled off in a breath, with  
a hearty laugh at the end. Then she  
turned to me with some dignity and  
continued: "I meant, Mrs. Pulver, to  
have called upon you long ago, but I  
haven't had my dresses remodeled for  
a year, and I actually haven't a thing  
to wear excepting my old traveling  
dress, and so I have been waiting  
along, till I could get something done.  
Then Mrs. Tafferton could not drive  
with me, and I thought 'There! Pro-  
vidence designs that I should take Mrs.  
Pulver this morning,' and so He did,  
you see."

This being taken into one's private af-  
fairs so suddenly was almost too much  
for me, but I managed to retain my  
self possession, and caught at a straw.  
"Then you don't make your own  
dresses, Mrs. Rodley?" (with breath-  
less anxiety.)

"Mercy, no, you dear child. How  
can I?" (The same words which Mrs. Taff-  
erton had used, how they relieved me!)  
"I'm sure I don't know," said I,  
rather embarrassed, "only Mrs. Taff-  
erton does, and I thought, perhaps, all  
the Whirrington ladies did."

"Just let me explain," said Mrs.  
Rodley. "This is just it. Mrs. Taff-  
erton is a perfect martyr to her con-  
victions. In the first place, she is  
naturally as neat and punctual as a

clock, and there are a dozen families  
in this village for whose opinion she  
cares immensely. She would not ap-  
pear in their company without being  
dressed just so for the world. She  
would not have them come to her  
house and find the children's cart in  
front of the steps, and the piazzas  
swept for anything, and she delights  
to tell them that from cellar to garret  
her house is in perfect order. Now  
this was all very well six or seven  
years ago, when she had several serv-  
ants and a seamstress, and all the out-  
side help she wanted, but now it doesn't  
do at all. She actually tries to  
dress better, and keep her house and  
children looking better than when she  
had this body of people to do all the  
drudgery. Mrs. Tafferton is an intel-  
ligent woman. We read Lecky and  
several books in German and French  
together, when we were first married  
and kept along very well, even when  
we had several small children to at-  
tend to, but now, actually, Mrs. Pul-  
ver, and Mrs. Rodley looked as  
though she knew I couldn't believe it,  
and she didn't blame me. "Mrs. Taff-  
erton hasn't read a book in three years  
—she told me so. She doesn't know  
a thing about politics, nor literature,  
nor the new music college, nor any-  
thing that is going on. She doesn't  
hardly know what day of the month  
it is, half the time, nor even the local  
news in the county paper."

There was a sort of fierceness about  
Mrs. Rodley as she stopped at the  
point to touch her pony with the whip  
and get a little breath. She felt that  
she had a sympathetic listener, though  
I said nothing, excepting a murmured,  
"Too bad!" So she continued:  
"When we were all reading 'Daniel  
Deronda,' she only sighed in her quiet  
way, and wished she could get time to  
read it. I went over there the same  
day, and I found all the beds and bed-  
ding spread out upon the grass and  
Mrs. Tafferton herself polishing the  
silver. The bedding had all been out  
the week before, and most of it the  
week before that. Couldn't read 'Daniel  
Deronda' indeed! 'Dear me!' I  
said, sinking into the first chair I found  
in the parlor and calling to Mrs. Taff-  
erton through the vista of rooms to  
the dining-room—'You will wear your  
silver all out, working over it. Do  
you rub it like that every week?' 'I  
should hope so,' she said, crushingly.  
'My silver gets very dingy, it seems to  
me—some mightn't mind it.' That  
made me very angry, for Mrs. Taff-  
erton is always reminding me that I am  
not so nice a housekeeper as she is, so  
I remarked with some emphasis: 'Mrs.  
Tafferton, I at least know the con-  
tents of some volumes of recent liter-  
ature, and something that is going on  
in the world; I'm not a automaton  
yet, thank heaven!' Then I started  
for home and she did not speak to me  
again for a month. She thinks my  
children are frights, because they are  
not little fashion-plates like hers. My  
two big boys go to school, but the  
girls are too little yet," stopping to  
give them each a rousing kiss. "And  
I confess, as long as they have any-  
thing whole and clean to wear, I don't  
care. I think when I am tempted to  
put an extra frill on their clothes: 'It  
will take just half an hour longer than  
otherwise, and it would be much bet-  
ter for them and for me if I should  
drive them out instead, or sit down  
and tell them a story.' Now how does  
it seem to you?"

There was a genuine inquiry in Mrs.  
Rodley's face, though she was ten  
years older than I.

"Yes," I stammered; "I'm sure it  
seems so to me, but I suppose Mrs.  
Tafferton would not say so."  
"Just so," said Mrs. Rodley, thought-  
fully, and then she began at a place  
some distance back in her story, as  
though she had not diverged at all.  
"And I also said before I began upon  
the silver, I should say that you had  
the yellow fever here, Mrs. Tafferton,  
you air your mattresses so persistently."  
"What an idea!" said she, provoked  
enough. "You know that your views  
and mine are radically different on  
these matters, and that I could not  
sleep if I thought my bed and every-  
body's else in the house was not ex-  
posed to the free air and sunshine ev-  
ery week." "Mine are," I retorted,  
"but it is through the windows and  
not through the doors." Then I at-  
tacked the silver subject, and then we  
separated on bad terms, as I said, and  
Mrs. Rodley laughed.

I couldn't help thinking that Mrs.  
Rodley was greatly lacking in discre-  
tion, but she was so jolly, she expres-  
sed afterward and all the time so much  
affection for Mrs. Tafferton per se,  
and I found her a woman so utterly de-  
void of malice that I could not accuse  
her of being anything but a little too  
fond of easing her mind freely on a  
slight acquaintance. She was evident-  
ly intuitive, too, and knew that I  
should understand her, and also that  
I must be interested in these things  
and eventually know them all. Be-  
sides I remembered the somewhat bit-  
ter feelings that Mrs. Tafferton had  
left in my heart after her call, and  
presumed from Mrs. Rodley's appear-  
ance, as well as her story, that she

had had Mrs. Tafferton's superiority  
asserted over her much more aggres-  
sively in the same way many times,  
and, easy as she was, it made her  
smart.

Her conversation grew less personal  
as we rode on, and I found Mrs. Rod-  
ley very different from a busybody,  
which I had at first feared her to be.  
She really knew a great deal, and  
could tell it, and the kindly heart with  
in her shone through everything she  
said, until I conceived an attachment  
for her, which I still retain. That  
drive was only one of many that we  
took later on, and I grew to love Mrs.  
Rodley all the while, and to pity and  
love, too, conscientious, pains-taking,  
admirable Mrs. Tafferton.

This was the way in the two house-  
holds; the Rodleys' economized in  
silks and satins, the Taffertons in the  
matter of service. Dressmakers' bills  
were unknown at the Taffertons, coach-  
man's and heavy equipage expenses at  
the Rodleys—for they kept only the  
phaeton, and Mrs. Rodley and her hus-  
band cared for Daisy, the stout little  
pony. The Taffertons lived with ex-  
treme plainness, while the Rodleys set  
an abundant table; in short they man-  
aged to spend about equally, all they  
secured, I suppose, the state of things,  
generally speaking, that each most de-  
sired. But I often thought, with an  
almost heart-breaking pity, when I look-  
ed up at the Taffertons' handsome  
house, or saw the family elegantly at-  
tired out driving in their fine carriage,  
of the patient steps, the untiring vigi-  
lance, of the velvet-and-silk clad wom-  
an who rolled by, the envy of her hum-  
bler neighbors, who wondered at her  
worn and faded face, and equally at the  
healthy and happy expression of Mrs.  
Rodley as she trotted along, her own  
coachman, and with her gingham-clad  
little cherubs, pink and chubby, be-  
side her.

There was, however, another side to  
the matter. It was relief enough, I  
confess, to pass from the "tumbled"  
and confused dwelling of the Rodleys  
to the neat and sweetly clean domi-  
nions of Mrs. Tafferton. The two fam-  
ilies appreciated this as well as I.—  
They often met together of an even-  
ing at the Tafferton house, and almost  
never, next door. The air of perfect  
freedom from dust, of thorough and  
all-pervading neatness was so delight-  
ful that—well, it was almost oppres-  
sive, but they knew each other too well  
to feel the oppression and only en-  
joyed the sensation of wholesomeness  
which was everywhere present. Mrs.  
Rodley would set her cook and the lit-  
tle errand girl who helped her at work,  
diligently as she might, but the result  
served only as a foil to the perfect con-  
dition of the neighboring mansion.  
Mrs. Tafferton's exacting personal in-  
terest and supervision were not pres-  
ent, and their absence was felt.

On the other hand, one couldn't help  
thinking "did it really pay?" Here was  
a woman, one who should have been  
still beautiful and in the active par-  
ticipation in affairs—stunting her soul  
in order to allow her children and her-  
self fashionable attire, letting her mind  
become covered with rust while she  
diligently swept her floors, and polish-  
ed her useless silver. Hundreds do it,  
and hundreds hungrier for mental  
growth than Mrs. Tafferton, and poor-  
er, harder-worked by far. Does it pay?  
"But the happy medium—how to at-  
tain it?" That is what warm and weary  
women on every side of us are asking.  
"We can't let our houses go, that  
means discomfort, vermin and disease.  
We can't let our clothing go, that  
means ridicule and loss of respect.  
We can't let our tables go without  
their adornments, that means loss of  
health and a step backward in civiliza-  
tion."

All these things are true. There are  
more poor than rich, and poverty means  
eternal drudgery, to keep, first, fed;  
second, clothed; third, clean. How  
can women, exhausted with labors to  
secure these things, find time to read  
anything helpful—anything that really  
requires thought?

The only way that I know of is this:  
to set apart religiously one hour, or so  
long as may seem practicable, in as  
many days in the week as one can, in  
the bright and strong time of the day  
—the morning, even if one's house-  
work does lag a little to pay for it—to  
mental and aesthetic improvement.  
Then let one follow one's own bent.  
Read something good, then; play on  
the piano, paint pictures, write an es-  
say. Let your mind and soul luxuri-  
ate as it will. There is no need of be-  
ing a dull, plodding Mrs. Tafferton,  
or an easy, slovenly Mrs. Rodley.  
Every woman who has physical health  
can make up her mind to that.

The great woolen-mill is making  
money now. Mr. Tafferton has just  
been in to tell my husband that he has  
"begun to think" isn't that just like a  
man! that his wife is looking a little  
worn, and that he is going to take her  
over to Europe for a winter in Italy!  
I fairly hurraed when I heard it.  
But, better still, the good times have  
brought Mrs. Rodley the opportunity,  
which she has seized at once, to indulge  
in a first-class housekeeper.

Now that is just the way one would

expect the two families to—perhaps I  
might say—expend their economies.

BY THE NIGHT MAIL.

COPIED BY "CONNECTICUT LADY."

"Yes," said Della Vane, "I am going  
down by the stage-coach to-night."

She stood on the hotel-steps, all  
bundled up in wraps, and shawls, and  
furs, with her bright, hazel eyes peep-  
ing out from under the shadow of a  
very becoming seal-skin hat, and a  
tangle of yellow curls escaping at its  
base.

"By the stage-coach?" echoed Helen  
Hyde.

"Yes," nodded Della—"by the stage-  
coach."

"And to night?"

"Yes, to-night."

"Well, I do declare!" cried Helen,  
"Wonders never will cease! Cousin  
John is going down to night, and in  
the stage-coach."

"You don't say so!" said Della.

"Yes, I do," said Helen. "It's circuit  
court or something down in Wallidge-  
ville, and Cousin John is going to ar-  
gue a case before the judge. Oh, he  
is so eloquent!"

"Is he?" said Della, with her brown  
eyes sparkling brighter than ever.

"And he's so handsome!" added  
Helen; "and he's sure to fall in love  
with you, dear!"

"Nonsense!" cried Della, laughing  
and coloring.

"Of course, dear! Why wouldn't he?

Only to think of it—six hours alone in  
a stage-coach at night! There never  
was such an opportunity. He'll be  
sure to be smitten; and you'll be my  
dear, dear little cousin, after all!"

And then ensued a little pantomime  
of kissing and hugging between the  
sentimental schoolmates.

"And only to think!" said Della Vane,  
"I was so provoked and cried all the  
morning, because old Judge Dacey—  
that's the place where I'm going as  
nursery-governess, you know, Helen—  
wrote to me to come down by the  
night-mail, because it was cheaper!"

"Depend upon it, every thing has  
happened quite providentially," said  
Helen Hyde, solemnly.

"And I'll go at once and tell cousin  
John."

"Oh, don't, dear!" cried out Della.

"Don't?"

"Because it wouldn't be half so de-  
lightfully spontaneous. Oh please—  
please don't breathe a word of it. Let  
things happen just in their own way."

"Well," said Helen Hyde, "perhaps  
it would be best."

And so Della Vane entered the night  
mail-coach, lightning express, that eve-  
ning, with an ivory smelling-bottle,  
and a new Russia-leather traveling-  
bag and the prettiest and most be-  
coming of all her veils.

"Only one other passenger, Miss,  
said the guard, slamming the door,"  
and you needn't mind him. He is  
very peaceable and quiet-like, he is!"

To these familiar remarks, Miss Vane  
made no response, but entered the  
mouldy-smelling old vehicle with the  
dignity of a princess. But the night  
was dark, and the stage indifferently  
lighted by a dim oil lamp, and just as  
Della was entering, her foot caught  
in a wisp of straw on the floor, and  
she was precipitated violently forward,  
with her head in the chest of the other  
passenger.

"I beg your pardon, sir," cried Della,  
sighing herself as soon as she could,  
and glowing all over with mortifica-  
tion.

A grunt was the only response.

"Very awkward of me," she flut-  
tered, trying to laugh, as she picked her  
smelling-bottle out of the straw.

Another grunt.

"Cousin John is disposed to be tacit-  
urn," she thought. But perhaps  
he's thinking over the case he's going  
to argue before the judge to-morrow."

And she subsided into her corner.  
As her eyes became more accustomed  
to the half-light in the jolting vehicle,  
she perceived that cousin John was  
rather stout, and rolled in a profusion  
of shawls, with a bat pulled down on  
the tip of a nose which was decidedly  
red.

"And Helen declared he was so hand-  
some," thought Della, not without a  
 pang of disappointment. "But, after  
all, it's a very cold night, and the cli-  
mate does affect some noses."

She sat in silence for some time, but  
finally decided to not lose this oppor-  
tunity for a tete-a-tete with the rising  
young attorney and counselor at law,  
who was Helen Hyde's pet cousin, and  
her bean ideal of mankind.

"I think we're going to have rain,"  
said she, diffidently.

No answer was vouchsafed to this  
remark.

"Do you know whether we shall  
reach Wallidgeville before midnight?"

Still no answer.

"He's either asleep or he's a brute!"  
thought indignant Della. "Oh, dear,  
dear he's got his elbow in my band box!"  
She tried to pull it away, but with-  
out avail.

"If you please, sir," said she with  
dignity, "will you be so good as to get  
off my band box?"

Again, a grunt was the only reply;

but the uncourteous traveler never  
moved his elbow.

Della Vane drew herself haughtily  
up in the diagonally opposite corner.

"Mr. John Hyde may be a very  
great genius," thought she; "but he is  
certainly a boor! Or perhaps he's  
making game of me because I'm an un-  
protected female."

And all the rest of the journey she  
sat quite mute, determined to show  
cousin John that she, too, could take  
refuge in the golden gift of silence.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clans of ten, \$12.50. If not paid within six months, \$2.00. These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

## The Hemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to assist in the education of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Hemizer*.

PRINTING is, at present, the only trade taught at the Colorado Deaf-Mute Institution.

REV. A. W. MASON was a guest of the Institution as usual upon his recent visit to this city, and held chapel service last Monday morning—*Mirror*.

HON. JOHN C. COVERT, of Cleveland, O., recently favored the Ohio Deaf-Mute Institution with an interesting lecture. Subject: "The Common People of France."

If any of our readers would like specimen copies of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, sent to any of their friends, will they please give names and addresses on a postal card sent to us?

WM. H. RIDER, a graduate of the New York Institution, and formerly a resident of Churchville, N. Y., but recently of Fairmont, Neb., has gathered his stakes and started for Louisburg, Kan., where he expects to settle down.

THE many commendations we have received from readers guarantee the fact that the influence of THE JOURNAL is extended in the right direction. The same well-doing shall be our endeavor in each succeeding volume of our paper.

MESSES. Isaac Hicks & Sons, owners of the Westbury nurseries, at Old Westbury, N. Y., one of whom is Gilbert Hicks, a deaf-mute, have two or three weeks since commenced their nursery work and have already several orders from abroad for trees. We bespeak for the firm a large return during the season.

WE solicit the co-operation of the friends of the JOURNAL throughout the Union and Canada in sending new items relating to the deaf, from week to week, and in increasing its circulation, thereby extending its usefulness and enabling us to furnish additional attractions for the general reader.

MR. J. R. KENNEDY, Supt. of the Institute, is having erected, on the east end of Pike's Peak avenue, a frame building, a story and a half in size, with six or eight rooms. It will be occupied by Mr. O. J. Kennedy and his family.

MISS ADDIE V. JOHNSON, of Worcester, Mass., was married to Mr. John Trask, Jr., of Deerfield, Mass., by the Rev. C. M. Lamon, on the evening of the 25th ult., after which a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents. Quite a number of deaf-mutes witnessed the ceremony and attended the reception. We wish the happy couple a long life of joy and domestic bliss.

THIS is a good season to renew subscriptions. There are a few subscribers on our mail book who are in arrears. To these we will say that the sums due us, singly, seem, in many cases, insignificant, but the total is considerable, and would enable us to discharge many obligations. We enable us to discharge many obligations. We enable us to discharge many obligations.

OUR new Principal, Mr. D. C. Dudley, of the North Carolina Institution, arrived here on the 21st, with his wife and three little girls, having had a safe and pleasant trip considering its length. We welcome him to his new home, duties and relations, hoping that the new ties will be mutual profit. Some of us here, who must use poles to knock the fruit from very high trees, are pleased that the addition is to our ranks rather than to that of those who can take the fruit while we are gone for the poles. Mr. Dudley reports the peach trees in blossom when he left North Carolina, and snow was passed through Southern Ohio. —*Kentucky Deaf-Mute*, March 29, 1879.

MISS JOHN S. MILLER, of Wyoming, N. Y., would like to have the Worcester, Mass., correspondent explain how they proceeded in their late mathematical contests for prizes, and also their spelling matches. As the contestants were deaf-mutes, she thinks a description of how the matches were conducted would interest many readers of the JOURNAL, and by some be copied. Mrs. Miller further says that she is always glad to see any items in the JOURNAL from the Worcester Institution for Deaf-Mutes. She rejoices to see the officers and teachers of that institution appear to be in deed earnest to make the school a great success and thinks they have thus far given excellent satisfaction to all interested. She has invariably heard that the parents of the little ones they speak in the highest terms of praise of the kind treatment their children receive and of the astonishing rapidity of their improvement in learning the manual alphabet, spelling, and also articulation.

THE Directors of the American Asylum have appointed Mr. Williams to succeed Mr. Stone as Principal of the Asylum. After the death of Mr. Stone, last December, the Directors voted to Mr. Stone the continuance of her husband's salary, and the residence of his family in the institution until April 1st, and at the same time, requested the teachers to nominate an acting principal for the interval. The teachers unanimously nominated Mr. Williams the brother-in-law of Mr. Stone, who has for years been accustomed to take Mr. Stone's place during his occasional necessary absence from the Asylum. The present appointment of Mr. Williams, therefore, as permanent Principal, gives the greatest satisfaction to all connected with the Asylum. At the close of the chapel prayers this morning, Mr. Bartlett, the oldest teacher of the Asylum, presented Mr. Williams to the pupils as the sixth Principal, whom he has known, and been associated with since he commenced teaching in 1828, with Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, the first Principal of the Asylum, and the pioneer of deaf-mute instruction in the United States. —*Daily News*, March 25, 1879.

## Local Paragraphs.

"Lon" Holmes is going to Liverpool to reside.

We are glad to hear that Frank Johnson is slowly improving.

Mr. Lorenzo Kimbal has moved into part of Thomas Jeffrey's house.

Mr. Coryl Snow and family are moving on to their farm near Dugway.

Mrs. Lizzie Kenyon is moving to Brewerton, to reside with relatives.

Alfred Hollister has hired Mrs. Anna Benedict's house for another year.

Salmon Creek, near Toronto Mills, is to be stocked with Black Bass, in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. John Becker and Edith returned from New York on Saturday last.

Mr. Cutler, son-in-law of Mr. John McKinley, has moved on to his farm near Holmesville.

Mr. Samuel Rosenbloom, of the firm of S. L. & P. Rosenbloom, has been sick for a few days.

Mrs. A. D. Eyarts is temporarily residing in a part of Peter McKinley's house, on church street.

Mr. John Freeman has changed his place of residence to the Hungerford place on Jefferson street.

Alonso Benedict expects to canvass for nursery stock, for Chase Bros., of Rochester, the coming season.

"Herb" Newell is intending to move on his father-in-law, Mr. Jessie Halliday's farm, to farm it for himself.

On Saturday last we received a call from Mr. J. Y. Terry, attorney, of Syracuse, who was in town on business.

Chas. Beebe is about to move into Mrs. Lizzie Kenyon's house, near the Baptist parsonage. We commend him to the care of the dominie.

William Sainsbury has re-rented the house and premises formerly owned by George B. and Cora Snow; the present owner is Mr. Wills, of Dugway.

Olin Ballard has made an engagement with Becker Bros. to stay with them another year, commencing with April 1st; so he will not go west, as he at one time intended.

On Monday last a child of Mrs. Larkin's, widow of the late Wm. Larkin, got one of its fingers between the cogs of the clothes-wringer—the finger was torn off. Dr. Bradbury dressed the wound.

Hon. Charles R. Skinner has our thanks for a copy of his speeches against Official Extravagance, delivered in the Assembly Jan. 17th and Feb. 13th. Mr. Skinner continues to make an excellent record in the Legislature.

Mr. Stannard has engaged the services of "Munson" Ames as clerk, at the Worcester Deaf-Mute Institution. We know that "Munson" was an adventurous fellow, but we did not expect he would soon become a Texas ranger.

A full house greeted Professor Hinton and his assistants in the M. E. Church last Friday evening. The concert gave good satisfaction, and a collection of ninety dollars was taken, which will be used toward paying for the new organ.

Will Ballou and a chum recently went on an eagle hunt, and while his companion was climbing a tree to inspect the eagle's nest he somehow slipped and fell to the ground, inflicting considerable injury to his person. They came home minus the eagle.

H. H. Hunter, for some years foreman of "Sol" Alexander's shoe shop, has moved into the old barber shop formerly occupied by "Bill" Hall, next door east of the JOURNAL office, and started in business for himself. Mr. Hunter is a very pleasant, genial, painstaking man, and we cordially welcome him to this vicinity.

Edward Palmer, for many years a resident of South Mexico, died suddenly on the 25th ult. Deceased ate dinner with his family, and appeared as well as usual. At supper time, as he did not make his appearance, his wife went to his shop to call him and found him dead. It is supposed the cause of his death was heart disease.

The M. E. Church of this village, will be formally dedicated on Sunday next, April 6th. Rev. W. F. Hemingway has been requested to preach the sermon for the occasion and the presiding elder, Rev. Mr. Skeel, of Pultski, will conduct the dedicatory services. A rare treat is expected. A general invitation is extended to all who can make it convenient to be present on that occasion.

Mrs. Dr. Heaton met with quite an accident on Sunday, the 30th ult. The doctor and Mrs. Heaton were returning from church in a wagon, and on passing through a pitch hole the horse gave a spring and the hind seat, on which Mrs. Heaton sat, not being bolted down, was thrown over backward, precipitating its occupant with great force to the ground, inflicting injuries to the head, neck, and chest. We hear that she has partially recovered from the shock and a full recovery is soon expected.

## DIED.

NELSON—In Rome, N. Y., on Friday morning, March 28, 1879, Edwin, only child of Edward Beverly and Jessie Ruggles Weld Nelson, and granddaughter of the late John P. Nelson, of Aurora, N. Y. This lovely little young and fair, Called hence, by early doom, Just came to show how sweet a flower In Paradise would bloom.

## Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

MR. DAVID C. DUDLEY.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., March 25, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Please allow me through the medium of your paper to say a few words in reference to the recently appointed Principal of the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb—the gentleman whose name appears at the head of this communication. The Board of Management of that Institution are to be congratulated in the fortunate selection they have made, inasmuch as they secured the services of a man in every way qualified to fill the responsible position.

Mr. Dudley's whole life has been to a great extent identified with the Deaf and Dumb. As a boy, he associated with and learned to love them; as a natural consequence he became, at an early age, familiar with the language of signs, and thus, in youth, began to prepare himself for the high position to which he was afterwards called. As he grew older his attachment to the pupils became so strong that he applied for and secured a situation in the Institution of his native State, where, besides applying himself assiduously to his duties, he rendered voluntary aid in the instruction and amusement of the pupils. It was his greatest pleasure to be in constant communication with them when "off duty," and well does the writer remember with what delight the children would anticipate the evenings when Mr. Dudley would tell them "a story" in the chapel. Nor was "David" beloved by the pupils only, he was a favorite of all connected with the Institution, and was endeared to all who knew him.

In due course of time, his upright and praiseworthy conduct, his enthusiastic and prompt performance of the duties assigned him, and, above all, his big heart and bright Christian character, brought him to the further notice of the Board of Trustees, and he was placed in charge of a regular class. Here he labored cheerfully and with great success, until finally he was promoted to the position of teacher of the high class. In this capacity he discharged his duties in such a manner as to reflect much credit upon himself.

Mr. Dudley enters upon his new and enlarged sphere of usefulness with no uncertain prospects. He possesses the elements sure to bring success. Being young, he carries with him the vigor and energy of early manhood, tempered with judgment and prudence beyond his years. Being an enthusiast in the work, the new Principal will not be a mere salary-taker, nor will his chief aim be to popularize the Institution—popularity will necessarily follow—but the school-room, the moral and intellectual development, the progress and general welfare of his pupils, for the pupils' sake, will be the objects to which he will devote all his energies. The writer feels assured, from personal knowledge, that the teachers under his direction will have his fullest sympathy in their arduous and trying duties, and that no occasion will be neglected to encourage and assist them in their labors. Being a Christian, the new Principal will not only teach his pupils by precept, but will show them by the example of a pure and spotless life "a more excellent way."

Finally, the Principals of similar Institutions throughout the land have had an accession to their number of which they may well be proud. Let the hand of fellowship be cordially extended.

D. R. C.

PROF. WEEKS DOING GOOD MISSION WORK.

Prof. Wm. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn., gave the second of his union services before the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, Sunday, March 23d. Despite the inclement weather a large audience was in attendance, several from a distance. Instead of the usual reading of the Scriptures he read some extracts from the sermon of an aged Quaker lady, prefacing his remarks with what he knew, and had observed of that sect, which proved to be of more than usual interest to the audience, judging by the pleasing manifestations of many. He had understood that at no distant day one of that sect would occupy their platform and an interpreter had offered his services. He then took for his subject Romans viii: 9—"Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his," from which he delivered a most interesting discourse, showing the importance of Christian unity upon which he dwelt at great length, using as an illustration a sheaf of wheat, which, when bound together, withstood the storms, but, when unloosed, fell to the ground.

At the conclusion of the morning service Mr. Tillinghast took the platform and requested as a favor that all who remained in the hall during the session of the Bible class as spectators, would refrain from talking, as it was very annoying to Mrs. Lynde, the leader, who requested that it be discontinued, and he hoped her request would be respected. Mr. Weeks then took occasion to make a few remarks from what he had heard, condemning strongly the practice of talking in church or at any service while any one was addressing the audience, and gave those present some kind and pertinent advice, which we hope will be heeded by those for whom it was intended.

The Bible class, numbering about 30, was immediately called to order and was continued until 2:20 p. m., leaving an intermission of only ten minutes before the commencement of the afternoon service which was also very interesting. He closed with these remarks: "Finally brethren, farewell. Be of one mind, live in peace and the God of love and peace be with you. He again enters the 'vineyard' at Norwich, Conn., Sunday, March 30th; his manner is earnest, impressive, and his actions show how deeply interested he is in his work.

Will some one at Norwich give us a short account of his labors there? It will be of interest to our readers.

T.

"FAIR PLAYS" REPLY TO MR. JACQUES LOEW'S LETTER.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Dear Sir:—Your paper being open to the public to express opinions on all topics in the interest of the public, I beg space for a few lines. What I wish to refer to is a certain part of Mr. Jacques Loew's letter in the JOURNAL of the 20th of March last, whereby he intends to vindicate his honor against certain doubts and aspersions, that he alleges were thrown out by the American deaf-mutes as to his having sent the money collected here for the Heinicke monument to Leipzig. I entertain not the least doubt as to his having acquitted himself honorably in this respect. But Mr. Jacques Loew says that he intends to sue a certain party in New York for libel; his right to do so is indisputable, still I would remind him of the old saying, "Seeing the mote in your neighbor's eye, but not the beam in your own eye." Mr. Loew is much incensed at what others say of him, but is not so chary and careful in regard to the reputation of others. This has reference to Mr. Loew's remarks, some time ago, as to Mr. Theo. A. Froelich having used disparaging expressions, as to his (Mr. Loew's) honesty; that Mr. Loew could not be trusted, &c. All who know Mr. Froelich, of course, know that he is incapable of making such innuendoes behind one's back, and Mr. Loew himself knows it. I, therefore, think Mr. Loew should make a public apology to Mr. Froelich, through your paper. I hope Mr. Loew will see the justice of the demand, and not hesitate to set right the wrong he has done others, when he also may expect to have his wrongs righted.

"FAIR PLAY."

New York, March 24th, 1879.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

FORD'S HOTEL, RICHMOND, VA., March 23, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—This hotel is one of the most pleasant I ever put up at, and I recommend it to the public.

I have held a service at St. James' Church this afternoon, which, I think it proper to say, very well filled. Rev. Dr. Peterkin, the rector, assisted me. After service he told me that he was very glad that I held the service at his church. He did very well, to my great satisfaction. There was a good number of deaf-mutes, all of whom were under my instruction, except one who was educated in Ohio and Kentucky. After service, I called on old Mrs. Chamberlayne, and found her a nice old lady. She has a deaf-mute son, Hartwell, who lives on a farm at Concord Depot, Campbell Co., Va. He is said to be respected by all with whom he transacts business. He is a very smart man, of good acquirements. His wife was once under my tuition at Staunton, Va. She is a fine lady with a sweet face and dark eyes. They have six children, all of whom have all their faculties in perfection though their parents are entirely deprived of hearing. I intend stopping over at their place on my way to Lynchburg via Norfolk to hold a service on Sunday, the 30th inst. You will already recollect that Hartwell's brother Edward P. lost his life by being run over by an express mail train near Madison Run, Va., some years ago. He had become a pious man and joined the Episcopal church, if I do not mistake. The Chamberlaynes are cousins to Oliver Cromwell, of England, and General George Washington.

I am going to Norfolk, Va., tomorrow morning by James River, which stream abounds in historical associations, on whose bank Pocahontas saved the life of Capt. John Smith. I am getting very busy in my work, as Dr. Gallaudet has directed me to do the best I can for my southern field without consulting him, and has put the responsibility upon me.

Yours sincerely, Job Turner.

MAXIMS FOR THE FARMER.

1. Never get in debt when you can not see your way out again. When you owe, pay as fast as you can and promptly. Never allow yourself to be dunned for a debt a second time without paying it. Credit for promptness is of great advantage in any kind of business and all through life.

2. Never enlarge your farm when half of what you own is not half-cultivated.

3. If you own more land than you can till well, are in debt, or need funds to make necessary improvements, sell part of your farm and use the money to pay debts and make your improvements.

4. Never borrow money to build a showy house when a less pretentious one would answer better, and never lend money when you have poorly-titled land to improve.

5. Lay out a system of improvements for your farms and buildings, and, as your means improve, carry these plans out.

6. Do not enter upon any speculation with other people's money or your own, unless you see clearly that you will make profits, and even then do not do it to the neglect of your farming.

[Continued from Third Page.]

the tour I visited the Deaf-Mute Institutions in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Kansas, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky. The principals of those institutions kindly invited the writer to officiate in their respective Chapels, for which they have his hearty thanks.

I think that I can safely say that I met with about five thousand deaf-mutes during this visitation.

I will give you the total amount of collections and donations in the following places:

	O.Toratories.
Race, Me.	\$15.00
Newburyport, Mass.	20.00
Cash, Bangor.	2.00
Mrs. Harriet Hunt, Gray, Me.	1.50
St. Luke's Cathedral, Portland, Me.	15.00
Cash, Lewiston, Me.	1.00
St. Agatha, Me.	5.00
Norwich, Conn.	2.50
Grace Church, Mexico, N. Y.	2.52
Newark, N. J.	1.00
Cash, Church, New York, N. Y.	1.50
Mrs. M. A. Paulin Philadelphia.	2.00
Epiphania Guild.	5.00
Rev. Dr. Leeds, Baltimore, Md.	10.00
Cash, Baltimore.	6.48
Cash, Baltimore.	3.30
Cumberland, Md.	2.00
Wheeling, W. Va.	9.38
Mr. and Mrs. McCall, Baltimore.	1.50
Little Charles and Grace Ely, Frederick, Md.	5.00
Mr. G. and Lady, Frederick, Md.	1.00
Cash, Church, Md.	28
St. Ann's Church, Annapolis, Md.	14.75
Cash, Alexandria, Va.	2.00
Trinity Church, Staunton, Va.	15.00
Grace Church, Petersburg, Va.	18.69
St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Va.	12.96
Christ's Church, Norfolk, Va.	5.28
Church of St. Peter, New Orleans, La.	15.45
N. C. Institution for D. and D., Raleigh, N. C.	5.68
St. Peter's, Charlotte, N. C.	8.10
S. C. Inst., Col. St. Ring, S. C.	15.12
St. Philip's Church, Atlanta, Ga.	13.00
Ga. Institution for D. and D., Cave Spring, Ga.	9.00
Epia. Church, Gadsden, Ala.	6.05
Cash, Montgomery, Ala.	7.75
Church collection, Jackson, Miss.	11.10
Christ Church, New Orleans, La.	15.45
Mr. and Mrs. Marcy, Algiers, La.	2.00
Texas Inst. for D. and D., Austin, Texas.	8.85
Cash, Austin, Texas.	5.00
Church collection, Gadsden, Ala.	9.75
Christ Church, St. Louis, Mo.	1.85
Kansas Inst., Olathe.	5.00
Chicago, Ill., Cash.	6.30
Trinity Church, Detroit, Mich.	12.50
Cincinnati Collection.	4.48
Kentucky Institution, Danville, Ky.	7.15
Cash, in Virginia.	10.80
Baltimore, Md.	1.39
Brandywine, Del.	2.30
Cash from Baltimore, through Dr. Gallaudet.	1.37
Church collection, through Dr. Gallaudet.	2.00
Grace Church, Mexico, N. Y.	4.60
Cash, Concord, N. H.	5.00
St. Luke's Church, Boston, Mass.	10.00
Cash, Columbus, O.	2.00
Cash.	1.05
St. Matthew's Church, Wheeling, W. Va.	6.94
Cash, Hamilton, N. H.	5.09
St. Paul's Church, Boston, Mass.	10.00
Cash, Saco, Me.	8.25
Augusta, Me.	5.00
St. Luke's Church, Portland, Me.	7.68
St. Paul's Church, Boston.	10.00
Cash, Amherst, N. H.	8.00
Cash, Springfield, Mass.	5.00
Grace Church, Providence, R. I.	2.05

The amount received the previous year was \$126.75.

I have to say that my expenses absorbed the Church collections and donations during the year ending on the 30th of October last.

My heart is greatly refreshed to realize that the Word of Life has been gladly and attentively received; truly the harvest is great, and may the Lord of the harvest grant that the laborers may be strong and efficient in the field now opened; that, indeed, the deaf may hear and the dumb speak of the great things the Lord has done for them.

It is with heartfelt gratitude in reverence I turn to the Great Head of the Church in acknowledgement of the encouragement of the services performed, which my prayer is may be redounded to His great glory and honor. I will take occasion to express my sincere thanks for the great kindness and hospitality shown me everywhere; may He who hath said "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," richly reward and bless in this and the life to come all who have been so kindly disposed to aid and advance the good work in the silent world.

I cannot close without thanking most kindly the bishops and clergy who, by Presidential direction, it has been my privilege to be thrown with, for their Christian courtesy, and for the facilities afforded in the discharge of the sacred duty assigned me.

Praying that our Father's blessing may abide with you, and the good work which has so long claimed your devotion—and that your life may long be spared to serve as its master spirit.

I am, with great sincerity, yours, Job Turner.

Missionary at-large to Deaf-Mutes.

REPORT OF MR. W. H. C. LAWRENCE, TREASURER OF THE MASSACHUSETTS BRANCH OF THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES, I. O. BOX 2176, BOSTON.

RECEIPTS. Balance from old account, Oct. 31, 1877. \$97.81 Cash, Rev. P. Brooks, D. D., Boston. 22.00 " St. Paul's Church, Nantucket. 10.00 " Rev. Leighton Parks, Emmanuel. 20.00 " Rev. T. E. D. D., Lowell. 14.50 " Offerings at several services for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Boston. 8.00 " Rev. Mr. Hart, St. Michael's, Marblehead. 6.08

PAYMENTS. For services in St. Paul's Church, Boston, each month—one Sunday—Advertising, Clericals, and other expenses, for one year. \$136.81

Wm. H. C. Lawrence, Treasurer. Boston, October 31, 1878.

REPORT OF MR. WILLIAM BAILEY.

Mr. Bailey, having been convinced that it was his duty to leave the Baptist Communion and connect himself with our Mission, only recently began his work as a lay-reader. He has held several services for deaf-mutes in the Chapel of St. Peter's Church, Salem, Mass. He has received \$17.77. It is expected that he will officiate in St. Peter's Church, Beverly, St. Paul's Church, Boston, and in other places, as the way opens. He resides in Beverly, where the New England Industrial Home for Deaf-Mutes is to be located. We trust that great good may

be accomplished by his labors. We shall expect from him an interesting report for the year beginning November 1, 1878.

REPORT OF MISS JANE MIDDLETON, MATRON OF THE HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF-MUTES, 50, 220 EAST THIRTIETH STREET, NEW YORK.

From the quarterly reports of Miss Middleton the following statement is made. She has had the care of ten inmates during the year. In consequence of the gift of her services to the home and of some board money placed in her hands, she has drawn from the Treasury of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes for current expenses (exclusive of the rent) only \$881. Notwithstanding the generally infirm condition of her afflicted household, its health has been good. The annual reception and sale, the Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners, and various excursions during the summer season, were the source of much pleasure. A growing interest in the Home has characterized the quiet history of another year's loving work for some of the most humble of the Master's brethren. Sincere thanks are returned for the "Educator," the "Deaf-Mutes' Journal," the "Mirror," and other papers; to Miss Hagadorn for a portrait of Dr. H. P. Peet; and also to the following persons for supplies of various kinds, viz.: A Friend, Mr. Dickinson, Mrs. Carrie H. Park, Mrs. Durbrow, Mrs. Rathbone, Mr. Henry A. Rumliff, Mr. M. Heyman, Mrs. Gardner, Mr. J. H. Road, Mrs. Fanny Seymour, Mrs. W. H. Wisner, Mr. Loew, Mrs. Rumliff, Miss J. M. A. friends, Mrs. Tuttle, Employment Society of St. Ann's Church, Mr. Gallaudet, Mrs. Sheafe, Mrs. Krams, Miss Sheafe, Mrs. G. R. Jackson, Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs. Jewell, Mrs. Schmidt, Mr. W. Jewett, Mr. Charles H. Cooper, Miss Mary Jarvis, Mr. B. T. Babbitt, Miss Howard, and other friends.

REPORT OF MR. WM. O. FITZGERALD, TREASURER OF THE BUILDING FUND OF THE HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF-MUTES.

Reported October 31, 1877. \$3,786.61 Interest. 356.99 Receipts up to October 30, 1878. 37.67 Less expenses. 4,081.16

STATEMENT OF THE BUILDING FUND. Deposit in Merchants' Clerks' Savings Bank, New York, Oct. 30, 1878. \$285.78



# THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

We think we can not this week devote space to better and more profitable matter than to extracts from the sixth annual report of the above-named society, whose headquarters are in the city of New York. We doubt not that many of our readers, who may not see copies of this report, will find what we extract fraught with interest.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY: President, the Rt. Rev. Horatio Potter, D. D., LL. D., D. C. L.; Vice-Presidents, D. Colden Murray, James M. Austin, M. D.; Secretary, Albert L. Willis; Treasurer, Isaac H. Holmes; General Manager, the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D.; Assistant Manager, the Rev. John Chamberlain.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

In presenting our account of another year's work among the adult deaf-mutes of our country, we can rejoice in its increase, while we regret the insufficiency of its pecuniary support.

We have endeavored to keep our current expenses as moderate as possible, but our Society has not yet received that general appreciation by the benevolent which we expect in the returning tide of business prosperity. We were hopeful of encouraging offerings for our Mission on the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, but it proved to be the day on which collections were asked for the Yellow Fever sufferers, and so we were disappointed. While we are devoutly thankful for the generous aid extended to our afflicted brethren at the South, we must still earnestly present our claims for means to extend religious services among the deaf-mutes of our land, to relieve the sick and poor, to find employment for many, and to support the Home for the Aged and Infirm.

Next year the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity will come on the 31st day of August. The Gospel will tell of our Lord's gracious miracle in healing the deaf and dumb man. As the words are read by Christ's ministers and heard by Christ's people, we trust that our work may be so kindly and so extensively remembered that it may be made much more effective. By examining our list of acknowledgments for September and October, and also those of the Rev. Mr. Mann, it will be seen that a few churches were able to send us something in response to our appeal for Twelfth Sunday after Trinity offerings. We thank them, and hope that they will annually continue their offerings. We understand that several churches in the Diocese of Pennsylvania remembered the deaf-mutes on this day, and sent their offerings to the Treasurer of the Diocese.

Our relations with St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes are unchanged. Our meetings are held there, and we are sure that we have the sympathies of the whole parish in our mission to the Deaf-Mutes. By mutual agreement, we furnish a portion of the support of the Rector and the Assistant Minister of St. Ann's, and thus secure a large portion of their time for special work among the deaf-mutes of this and other cities as our General Manager and Assistant. In this way, St. Ann's is able to have an Associate Rector, the Rev. Edward H. Krams, who gives his whole time to the hearing and speaking portion of the parish.

The following is a list of the laborers in our Mission during the past year:

*The Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D.*, our General Manager, and also the Rector of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York.

*The Rev. Francis J. Clero, D. D.*, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Phillipsburg, Pennsylvania, having held services in Baltimore, Md., and York, Penn.

*The Rev. George C. Pennell, S. T. D.*, Rector of St. John's Church, Newark, New Jersey.

*The Rev. Thomas B. Berry*, in charge of church work at Omro, Diocese of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

*The Rev. John Chamberlain*, our Assistant Manager, and also Assistant Minister of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York.

*The Rev. Henry W. Syle*, in charge of St. Stephen's Mission to Deaf-Mutes, Philadelphia.

*The Rev. Austin W. Mann*, residing in Cleveland, Ohio, and itinerating through an extensive region at the West.

*Mr. Thomas S. Roberts*, in charge of the work among deaf-mutes in Grace Church, Allentown, Pennsylvania.

*Mr. John C. Acker*, in St. Luke's Church, Rochester, N. Y., having as an effective counsellor and co-laborer, *Mr. Edward P. Hart*, a Professor in the W. N. Y. Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Rochester.

*Mr. R. D. Beers*, in St. Paul's Church, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

*Mr. James Lewis*, our City Missionary and Collector, frequently aiding the General Manager in some of the services for which he is responsible, and for a portion of the year having Sunday evening meetings for the deaf-mutes at their homes in different parts of the city and vicinity.

*Mr. James S. Wells*, residing in New York, and occasionally assisting the General Manager in services for deaf-mutes.

*Mr. Job Turner*, associated with the General Manager in conducting a service on the second Sunday of each month at 3 P. M., in St. Paul's Church, Boston, and itinerating in various dioceses, with licenses from the Bishops to act as lay-reader. Last Winter and Spring he made an extensive journey through the South, of which he gives an account in his report.

*Mr. R. P. McGregor*, Principal of the Day School for Deaf-Mutes in Cin-

cinnatti, Ohio, conducting services in St. John's Church.

*Mr. E. P. Holmes*, conducting services in St. James's Church, Chicago, Illinois.

*Mr. William Bailey*, of Beverly, Mass., assisting in services at St. Peter's Church, Salem, Massachusetts.

Reports from most of these laborers in the extensive field providentially opened to us show that we have cause to be devoutly thankful for what has been accomplished during another year.

Through the General Manager and his associates we have made more effective the church influences among deaf-mutes in New York city and vicinity. Besides the regular Sunday afternoon services in St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, on the second Sunday of the month, at 3 p. m., one in St. Andrew's, Harlem, on the third Sunday, at 4 p. m., and one in Christ Church, Williamsburgh, on the fourth Sunday, at 3 p. m. It has been deemed expedient to make a change as to the Brooklyn service. Hereafter it will be held on the second Sunday of the month in the Chapel of St. Ann's Church, Rev. Dr. Schenck, Rector. In leaving St. Mary's, Brooklyn, we thank the Rector, Rev. Dr. Johnson, and his parishioners for all their kindness and help. In going to St. Ann's Church, we heartily congratulate the Rector and his congregation on their new departure, and trust that the great venture of faith which has been made for free churches will be abundantly blessed by the Good Shepherd, who gave his life for the sheep.

We trust that the deaf-mute communicants of New York and vicinity will make special exertions to receive the Holy Communion at St. Ann's Church on the first Sunday of the month at 7 or 10:30 a. m. Those who live at a distance will be in time for the second celebration, if they reach the church about 12 o'clock. Let all deaf-mutes also encourage our work by attending the afternoon services at St. Ann's. It will be well, however, to bear in mind that there is a celebration of the Holy Communion at St. Ann's Church every Sunday morning at 7 o'clock, to which deaf-mutes are cordially invited.

Our Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes at No. 220 East Thirteenth Street, New York, has had during the year ten inmates. It remains under the care of Miss Jane Middleton, who gives her self-sacrificing services without compensation. Dr. Mark H. Williams has kindly ministered to several of the inmates during the year. We extend to these and all other friends of the Home our sincere thanks for their labors of love. We have a Building Fund for the Home, amounting to upwards of \$5,500. We hope that, in God's good time, we shall be in possession of permanent grounds and buildings, where we can provide for more of our afflicted brethren, whose sad condition is constantly brought to our attention.

The laborers in the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes throughout the country will always be grateful for information as to employment of various kinds. One of our great objects is to see that deaf-mutes, after leaving the Institutions, have situations in which to earn their living. We should like to own land enough, not only for our Home for the Aged and Infirm, but also for the employment of those who need encouragement and control in forming habits of industry.

Many of the graduates of the Institutions soon find satisfactory employment by their own exertions. We ask them specially to aid us in our attempts to improve the condition of their less fortunate brethren.

In connection with this subject, we desire to express our approval of the New England Industrial Home for Deaf-Mutes, whose Trustees hold their meetings in Marblehead, Massachusetts. It is hoped that they will soon be in possession of a farm where the Superintendent, Mr. William B. Swett, himself a deaf-mute, can carry his long-cherished plans into execution.

We desire to be in cordial sympathy with all local societies, religious and secular, which have been formed for the improvement of deaf-mutes. We must, however, remind our friends in these societies, that the Church offers them strength and comfort which they cannot obtain elsewhere. We trust that the society idea will be more and more subservient to the Church idea, for then will deaf-mutes more generally become communicants of the Church of Christ.

We were very much encouraged by receiving through Messrs. J. & S. Ferguson, "In Memoriam," One Thousand Dollars, with which to begin a Permanent Fund, the interest of which is to be used for the support of the Home. Cannot we expect other donations to this fund?

We mention with gratitude another encouraging gift. Last winter a Christian lady of this city, through a friend, placed \$200 in the hands of the General Manager, to be used at his discretion for the benefit of deaf-mutes in sickness and trouble. It proved to be the source of comfort in quite a large number of cases of distress.

In the death of Mr. William Niblo we have lost a good friend. For many years he was a director in the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes. He was also a generous benefactor to St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, when it was reducing its large mortgaged debt. He was named as one of the original Trustees of our Society at its incorporation, and has been re-elected annually since, notwithstanding the infirmities of advancing age have prevented him from attending our meetings. He has made frequent donations to our Treasury, and last year

gave \$100, which places it in our power to add his honored name to our list of life members. He was a sincere follower of Christ. May his example be followed by many.

In closing our Report, we desire once more to call attention to the important Mission entrusted to us. We have some forty or fifty stations where sign-services are held with more or less regularity. We are reaching directly upwards of 2,000 deaf-mutes throughout our country, and we are influencing the whole deaf-mute community in favor of attending public worship, according to the system of the Book of Common Prayer.

Christians of all the religious bodies see more and more clearly the advantage of encouraging their deaf-mute friends and relatives to form the habit of attending those services where a printed liturgy is used. With their Bibles and Prayer-Books in hand, and with the help of kind friends in finding the places, educated deaf-mutes will derive great pleasure and profit in going through the whole service. During the delivery of the sermon they can have some religious reading.

Realizing the responsibility of our stewardship, we trust to be guided by heavenly wisdom in our efforts to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of the adult deaf-mutes of our country.

New York, Oct. 30, 1878.

REPORT OF REV. GEORGE C. PENNELL, S. T. D., Rector of St. John's Church, Newark, N. J., and Missionary to the Deaf-Mutes in the Dioceses of Northern New Jersey and New Jersey, reports since January 1st, 1878:

He has held, in Newark, sixteen services. One deaf-mute confirmed; two deaf-mute children sent to the Institution in New York City.

Average attendance at the services, fourteen. St. John's Church is regarded by the deaf-mutes as their Parish Church, and scarcely a Sunday passes, without from two or three being present at the Holy Communion.

The deaf-mutes are constant visitors at the Rectory.

Several indigent and afflicted deaf-mutes have been cared for.

The General Manager has given his counsel and cheer to the work on two occasions. It is hoped, by God's blessing, a large work will be carried on next year. Amount of offerings received, \$20.66.

THE QUARTERLY REPORTS OF THE REV. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, ASSISTANT-MANAGER.

January 30th, 1878.—Since your last meeting, besides the many usually of less public character, I have held Church services with deaf-mutes as follows:

November 18th and 25th, December 16th, and January 13th, 20th and 27th, at St. Ann's Church, New York; November 4th, at Grace Church, Baltimore, Maryland; November 11th, at St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn, New York; and December 23d, at St. Paul's Church, Boston, Massachusetts. On the evening of the last-mentioned day, I visited a congregation of deaf-mutes assembled for a prayer-meeting under the direction of a deaf-mute man in the city of Boston, and at his invitation addressed them. On the evening of November 11th, I attended the Anniversary Service of your Society, at St. Ann's Church, New York. On the 14th of the same month, I attended the Annual Reception at the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. I have, also, on various occasions, interpreted sermons and parts of the service to deaf-mutes who were present with the hearing congregation at St. Ann's Church.

April 24th, 1878.—Since your meeting in January, I have conducted the sign service in St. Ann's Church, New York, on Sundays, as follows: February 10th and 17th, March 3d and 17th, and April 14th. I have, also, in the same Church, interpreted various services, sermons and addresses, both on Sundays and other days. On the afternoon of Good Friday, April 19th, I also preached at the same place a sermon which was interpreted by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, for a goodly number of deaf-mutes who were present with the hearing congregation.

On the Sundays, February 3d and April 7th, and on Easter Sunday, April 21st, I interpreted, in signs, parts of Morning Prayer, the sermon, and the office of Holy Communion, in Grace Church, Baltimore, Maryland; and on the afternoons of those days conducted a sign service and preached by signs in the Chapel of the same Church. Forty or more deaf-mutes usually attended our services at Baltimore. Thursday evening, April 11th, three deaf-mute women were confirmed at Grace Church, Baltimore, by the venerable Bishop Whittingham. It was my privilege to be present and interpret the service and address of the Bishop into signs. Monday evening, April 22d, I delivered before the deaf-mutes at Baltimore, a lecture upon the life of the Right Rev. J. C. Patterson, the first Bishop of the Melanesian Islands.

On the Sundays, February 24th and March 24th, I conducted sign service in Christ Church, Williamsburg, Long Island. Sunday, March 10th, I officiated for a small congregation of deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Boston, Massachusetts.

Besides these formal services I have been called to varied ministrations of an informal character. I hope these humble efforts may tend in some small degree to the glory of God and the good of His creatures.

July 31st, 1878.—I have the honor to report that since your last quarterly meeting I have been occupied as is shown by the following memoranda: Thursday evening, April 25th, I delivered before the "Manhattan Literary Association," a lecture on the life of John Coleridge Patterson, the first Bishop of Melanesia. Sunday, April

28th, and Sunday, May 6th, I officiated at the sign service in St. Ann's Church, New York. Sunday, May 12th, I attended at the same Church a Confirmation service, when several deaf-mutes were confirmed. Saturday, May 18th, with the consent of the General Manager, I sailed for Europe. White Sunday, June 9th, at three o'clock p. m., I attended a combined service at St. Saviour's Church for Deaf-Mutes, in the city of London, England, but sat in the congregation. Thursday, June 13th, I visited the London Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. Friday, June 21st, I had the pleasure of visiting the Institution for the Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, in Paris, France. I also called on Mr. Berthier, a deaf and dumb French gentleman, who was for many years a teacher, and to whom I bore a letter of introduction from Mr. Loew, a deaf-mute of this city. I was much pleased to find that I could readily converse with the French deaf-mutes, although I did not understand the French language, nor they the English. Sunday, July 7th, I assisted at the Anniversary services, morning and afternoon, in St. Saviour's Church, London. I also assisted at the same place on the afternoon of Sunday, July 14th. Wednesday, July 17th, I sailed from Liverpool for home, where I arrived on the morning of July 29th.

October 30th, 1878.—Since your last quarterly meeting I have, under the direction of your General Manager, performed the following official services: On the Sundays, August 4th, 11th, 18th, and 25th, September 1st and 15th, and October 13th, 20th and 27th, I conducted services and preached in the sign language at St. Ann's Church, New York City. Sunday, September 22d, I also conducted service at the same place, the Rev. Mr. Syle, of Philadelphia, preaching the sermon. I have also, at various times, in the same Church, interpreted parts of the Oral services to deaf-mutes who were present. Sunday, October 6th, at Grace Church, Baltimore, Maryland, I interpreted parts of the Morning service and the sermon to several deaf-mutes who were present with the ordinary hearing congregation. Three deaf-mute women received the Holy Communion. The same afternoon, in the Sunday School room of Grace Church, I conducted service and preached in the sign language, a goodly number of mutes having assembled. There is a good field for our work at Baltimore, and I hope a way may be opened, before very long to give it more attention than we are able to give at present.

Besides the official acts above enumerated, I have ministered to the deaf and dumb in various ways, which it is unnecessary to specify here. One only I will mention. At the Court of General Sessions of the City of New York, I interpreted for a deaf-mute who was complainant in a case, which was on trial there.

THE MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES IN GRACE CHURCH, BALTIMORE, MD.

The Rector, Rev. Dr. Leeds, has continued to manifest deep interest in this Mission, though it has been impossible to give it a permanent pastor. On the first Sunday of each month, one of the clergy connected with our work has assisted Dr. Leeds in the Holy Communion, and in the afternoon held a service for deaf-mutes in the Chapel adjoining the Church. There have been a few other services. Upwards of \$150 were contributed towards sustaining this Mission.

DEAF-MUTE MISSION OF ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

THE REV. WILLIAM ROBERT D. D., Rector, the REV. HENRY WINTER SYLVE, M. A., Minister in Charge.

Baptisms: Adults, 10; Infants, 3; Total, 13. Confirmed, 16. Communicants, 66. Marriages, 3. Public Services: on Sundays, 56; other days, 5; total 61. Bible Class: Teacher, 1; Members, 127. Other agencies: the Epiphania Guild, the Cleric Literary Association.

Money Receipts from all sources: Offertory at Holy Communion, \$37.67; Collections in Church, \$159.05; Subscriptions, \$80.82; Donations, \$21.26; Other Sources, \$1.64. Total, \$370.44. Expenditures and Appropriations: Current expenses, \$86.61; for the Poor, \$64.62; Episcopal Hospital, \$8.42; Church Building, \$44.11; Bibles, Prayer-Books, &c., \$17.82; Deaf-Mute Missions in West and South, \$8.52; Bible Class Offerings for Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, N. Y., \$18.40. Total \$251.43.

REPORT OF REV. A. W. MANN, MISSIONARY.

THE REV. THOMAS GALLAUDET, D. D., General Manager, Ch. M. to D. M.

In taking a retrospective survey of another twelvemonth just closed, it is impossible not to feel encouraged. The results are of a nature to indicate a growth of the Mission in the direction of usefulness, and also of strength. That the labors have been blessed will be inferred from the increase in the number of baptisms, communicants and candidates for confirmation. As an illustration of the growth, it is mentioned that the number of baptisms during the year previous was nine. This year, as shown in the tabulated statement presented below, the number is twenty-seven.

Since the date of the last report the services have been still further extended. Then the number of places served was fifteen; now it is fully twenty-five. At every opportunity a further extension of the work will be made. Sufficient means and more laborers are required to enable us to meet the growing demand for the services of the church.

The services have been well attended upon the whole, and the number reached directly is much larger than before. In many instances distance and the expense of travel have failed to prevent attendance.

In the past, but one service each Sunday has been given to the principal places. In the future, it is hoped that the interest will be so as to make it necessary to increase the number to two. Week day services have generally been given to the smaller places. The missionary has assisted in several places in the administration of the Holy Communion to deaf-mutes. At the baptism of deaf-mutes and their children by the priest he has read the formula in signs; and, 'in the absence of the priest,' he has baptized several infants and adults. He has solemnized matrimony seven times.

During the month of January the General Manager paid a visit to the Western field. Assisted by the Missionary-at-Large he held special services in the interest of the "Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," at Detroit, Ann Arbor, Jackson and Niles, Michigan; St. Louis, Missouri; Jacksonville and Chicago, Illinois; and Cleveland, Ohio. The large attendance of those who could hear enabled us to bring into more general notice this new work of the Church, and to demonstrate the need of its extension and maintenance.

It is with pleasure that mention is made of the work of Mr. R. P. McGregor as lay-reader. He has held services every alternate Sunday during the year, at St. John's Church, Cincinnati, Ohio. The attendance, as he states, has been good. Mr. McGregor has charge of the Cincinnati Day School for Deaf-Mutes.

With the same pleasure mention is also made of the work of Mr. E. P. Holmes, at Chicago, Illinois. With a lay-reader's license from Bishop McLaren, he has held occasional services at St. James Church. In due time it is hoped these services will be more frequent. It is also hoped that some compensation can be made Mr. Holmes in the future.

This report would be very incomplete without any mention of the work of Mrs. Bailey and her daughter, of St. Louis, Mo. For upwards of a quarter of a century Mrs. Bailey has worked in a quiet way in behalf of the mutes of that city. Through her efforts many of the uneducated and neglected among them have been admitted to the State Institution at Fulton, and made intelligent and useful citizens. In various ways Mrs. and Miss Bailey have helped to smooth the way of the missionary in his labors at this very important point.

The work in Wisconsin has been given up to the Rev. Mr. Berry, who has lately removed to the Diocese of Fond du Lac, settling at Ripon.

A statement of facts bearing on the needs of this work was prepared by the missionary and presented to the Committee on Domestic Missions. This statement had the endorsement of Bishop Bedell and the General Manager. The Committee, in view of the facts presented, decided to allow him a stipend of two hundred dollars per annum. His other support comes from stipends allowed by Diocesan Missionary Boards (see financial statement given below). So far yet, the compensation has not reached that figure where it would be considered a sufficiency.

Duty requires that the usual acknowledgments be made respecting the courtesies received during the year at the hands of the managers of certain railway lines. By means of these an amount of assistance has been rendered, which the missionary is in a position to appreciate to the utmost extent.

[Here the tabulated statement is necessarily omitted.—Ed.]

Tabulated Statement of Receipts between July 1st, 1877, and July 1st, 1878:

DIocese of Ohio—  
Stipend voted by the Missionary Committee..... \$200.00  
From St. Paul's Church, Cleveland, special offering..... 21.60  
From St. Paul's Church, Cleveland, special offering..... 23.00  
From Church of the Good Shepherd, Cleveland, special offering..... 2.00  
From Collections at deaf-mute services, Cleveland..... 12.91  
From Collections at deaf-mute services, Marion..... 5.82  
Person's offering of Rev. J. W. Brown, D. D..... 10.00  
\$275.33

DIocese of Illinois—  
Stipend by Missionary Committee..... \$50.00  
From St. James' Church, Chicago, special offering..... 40.60  
From Trinity Church, Jacksonville, special offering..... 9.30  
From Collections at deaf-mute services, Chicago..... 8.33  
From Collections at deaf-mute services, Rockford..... 3.25  
\$111.94

DIocese of Wisconsin—  
From collections at deaf-mute services, Milwaukee..... \$4.68  
From Sunday-school All Saints' Cathedral, Milwaukee..... 1.86  
\$6.54

DIocese of Michigan—  
Stipend by Missionary Committee..... \$100.00  
From Collections at deaf-mute services, Detroit..... 3.15  
From Collections at deaf-mute services, Flint..... 4.56  
From Collections at deaf-mute services, Jackson..... 6.70  
From Bessie Hunt, Ann Arbor..... 2.00  
Rev. R. W. Haire..... 2.00  
\$118.41

DIocese of Missouri—  
From collections at deaf-mute services, St. Louis..... 17.68  
From collections at deaf-mute services, Prof. Kerr's St. Louis..... 5.00  
From Rt. Rev. G. F. Robertson, Bishop of the Diocese..... 5.00  
\$27.68

DIocese of Southern Ohio—  
Stipend by Missionary Committee..... \$100.00  
From Collections at deaf-mute services, Cincinnati..... 8.34  
From Collections at deaf-mute services, Delaware..... 1.78  
From Collections at deaf-mute services, Dayton..... 2.90  
\$112.02

DIocese of Kentucky—  
From collections at deaf-mute services, Newport..... 1.10  
From Collections at deaf-mute services, Louisville..... 9.95  
From W. H. Dillingham, Louisville..... 10.00  
\$21.05

DIocese of Western New York—  
From Bishop Cox's..... \$2.00  
Collections at deaf-mute services, Buffalo..... 5.72  
\$7.72

DIocese of Quincy—  
From collections at deaf-mute services, Galesburg..... \$3.50  
\$3.50

DIocese of Pittsburg—  
From Bishop Kerfoot, personal offering \$10.00  
Collections at deaf-mute services, Pittsburg..... 7.58  
From St. Mary's Church, Beaver Falls..... 1.95  
Thomas J. McClurg..... 2.00  
Mrs. T. J. McClurg..... 1.00  
\$22.53

DIocese of Indiana—  
From collections at deaf-mute services, Indianapolis..... \$6.30  
From collections at deaf-mute services, Michigan City..... 12.38  
From St. Thomas Church, Plymouth..... 2.00  
\$20.68

THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES—  
From collections at special services by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, general manager..... \$114.50  
Deduct his traveling expenses..... 15.00  
\$99.50

FROM THE DOMESTIC COMMITTEE, A. T. T. WING, D. D., Sec'y.  
Part of stipend, with deductions for subscriptions..... \$98.95

FROM MISCELLANEOUS SOURCES—  
St. Stephen's Mission, through Rev. H. W. Syle, of Philadelphia..... \$3.33  
From L. M. Mann, Corning, Iowa..... 10.00  
From collection at deaf-mute service, Coopersville, W. Mich..... 35  
\$13.87

Received from all sources..... \$938.89

ADDITIONAL REPORT.

For suitable reasons, it has been decided to change the date of the year. Hereafter the annual reports from this source will date to the last Wednesday in October, instead of July 1st, as in the past.

During the month of July the Missionary paid a visit to the General Manager in New York City. On the 21st and 28th, (Sundays), in the afternoon, he held services and preached in St. Ann's Church, with a large attendance at each service. He had the pleasure of several times visiting that noble conception of Christian charity, the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. The inmates were all happy and well cared for. A more cheerful and comfortable place of its kind could not be named. The valuable services of the Matron, Miss Middleton, have earned full appreciation. The home is certainly entitled to a liberal support from all deaf-mutes.

Record must be made regarding the kindness of Mr. James Pott, of Pott, Young & Co., New York, Agent of the New York Bible and Prayer-Book Society, who has again favored the Mission at the West with gifts of prayer-books and tracts.

In the month of August the General Manager and the Missionary-at-Large began a series of special services, commencing at Buffalo, N. Y., and closing at Pittsburg in the early part of September. The other points visited were Erie, Pa.; Cleveland, Columbus, Mansfield, and Cincinnati, Ohio; Indianapolis and Fort Wayne, Indiana; St. Louis, Mo.; Springfield, Quincy, Galesburg, Princeton and Chicago, Ill.

The following is a list of the collections taken on the twelfth Sunday after Trinity towards the support of the work under charge of the Missionary:

Grace Church, Cleveland, Ohio..... \$9.06  
St. Paul's " Erie, Pa..... 38.19  
St. Paul's " Flint, Mich..... 12.11  
St. Thomas Church, Denison, Ohio..... 2.50  
Mission at Muncie, Indiana..... 5.00  
Church of the Holy Communion, St. Louis..... 28.00  
St. Andrew's Church, Ann Arbor, Mich..... 12.75  
Trinity Church, Pittsburg, Pa..... 120.00  
St. Andrew's Church, Pittsburg, Pa..... 25.00  
Christ Church, Dayton, Ohio..... 13.43  
Christ Church, St. Louis..... 21.60  
\$903.18

All of which is respectfully submitted.

REPORT OF MR. THOMAS S. ROBERTS, GRACE CHURCH, ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

I take the pleasure of sending you a brief account of my work among deaf-mutes for the year ending October 31, 1878, for the Sixth Annual Report of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes. Only ten dollars and eighty-six cents have been collected. I must bear my trials with patience, trusting in God's good providence for the future. Pray God to bless our work.

REPORT OF MR. JOHN C. ACKER, CHAPEL OF ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, PITTSBURGH.

REPORT OF MR. THOMAS GALLAUDET, D. D.

DEAR SIR,—According to your request to have me record something of my work, I take pleasure in stating that I have continued my duties in our chapel ever since I was licensed as a lay-reader, some four years. My work for the year was ended on October 31, 1878. I have indeed met with some misfortunes and difficulties, but in many respects we have been blessed.

The work of the four years includes the time from April 4th, 1874, to April 4th, 1878. We have good faith in the future, encouraged by the results of the past, with trust in God's guidance. We have the use of the Chapel of St. Luke's Church, on Fitzhugh street. The Rev. Dr. Anstie, our Rector, has recently given our place of meeting the name of the Chapel for the Deaf-Mutes. The chapel was never named before; now he considers it a special chapel for mutes. The chapel is beautifully and tastefully arranged for such assemblies. Services have been held on Sunday afternoons, at 3 o'clock, by the lay-reader in charge. I quote from *Our Church Work*, a weekly Church paper, printed in Rochester. It says: "The deaf-mutes constitute a class in the community to whose spiritual needs the services of the Church are especially adapted to minister. The liturgy enables them to lift their hearts in prayer and praise to God together with the congregation. The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, of which the headquarters are at St. Ann's Church, New York, was formed to minister to these unfortunates in different parts of the land, and the people of this city will have an opportunity of hearing something of what is being accomplished by it from the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, in St. Luke's Church, on Sunday evening, October 20th. He will interpret the service in the sign language for the mutes who are present, and deliver an address to the hearing part of the congregation.

"It may not be known to all our readers that for more than a year past a service for deaf-mutes has been maintained every Sunday afternoon in the Chapel of St. Luke's, by Mr. John C. Acker, a licensed lay-reader, and the importance of this work is the more evident from the fact of the existence in our midst of the State Institution for Deaf-Mutes, which has been recently moved from its former location on South St. Paul Street, to the large and commodious building on North St. Paul street, formerly known as the Truant House. There are in this Institution 104 scholars and seven teachers. The work of the church among the people is one which ought to command the sympathy of those who love to promote the salvation of *all men*."

At the Communion services on the first Sunday of the month we have had the help of Mr. E. P. Hart to interpret the service and sermon in the sign language for eleven or twelve mute communicants, who attend very regularly and have seats in the gallery of St. Luke's Church.

I have a regular assembly, numbering from five to fifteen mutes. I have not missed my services *once* this year. I understand that we have one or two mutes considering the subject of religion, who live out in the country. We hope that some time they may be led to join with us.

I enjoy my church work for mutes in this city, and the work of laying the foundation for the future church, but many difficulties have been met with, some of them of a nature thoroughly perplexing. But the trials have only served to strengthen the purpose of following up a



## SUNDAY READING.

## NOT FAR.

Nor far, nor far from the kingdom,  
Yet in the shadow of sin,  
How many are coming and going,  
How few are entering in!

Not far from the golden gate-way,  
Where voices whisper and wait;  
Fearing to enter in boldly,  
So lingering still at the gate;

Catching the strain of the music  
Floating so sweetly along,  
Knowing the song they are singing,  
Yet joining not in the song.

Seeing the warmth and the beauty,  
The infinite love and the light;  
Yet weary, and lonely, and waiting,  
Out in the desolate night!

Out in the dark and the danger,  
Out in the night and the cold;  
Though He is longing to lead them  
Tenderly into the fold.

Not far, not far from the kingdom,  
"Tis only a little space";  
But it may be at last, and forever,  
Out of the resting place.

—English Congregationalist.

## THE CHEERFUL VIEW OF DEATH.

To the inevitable it is better that we bow in submissive faith, than in hard stoicism. In Sunday Afternoon for March, we find this statement of how one eminent man of science met his approaching change:

The loss of physical and mental power caused Faraday to reflect more and more on the great change and the hereafter. "I cannot think," he wrote, "that death has to the Christian anything in it that should make it a rare, or other than a constant thought; out of the view of death comes the view of life beyond the grave. . . . My worldly faculties are slipping away day by day. Happy is it for all of us that the true good lies not in them. As they ebb, may they leave us as little children, trusting in the Father of mercies and accepting His unspeakable gift."

Calling on a fellow director at the Royal Institution, who was partially paralyzed, Faraday said, "You and I are waiting; that is what we have to do now; and we must try and do it patiently." To the Count of Paris who had invited him to Twickenham, he wrote, "I bow before Him who is Lord of all, and hope to be kept waiting patiently for His time and mode of releasing me according to His Divine Word, and the great and precious promises whereby His people are made partakers of the Divine nature." To another friend he wrote, "I have told several what may be my own desire—to have a plain, simple funeral, attended by none but my own relatives, followed by a gravestone of the most ordinary kind, in the simplest earthly place." When asked how he was, he answered, "Just waiting, and he sat at the window of the house in Hampton Court watching now the people on the green, now the ever changing beauty of the clouds.

## ALL FOR THE BEST.

You hear old Christians say, "Well, it's all for the best," and you may think it is cant. There is no cant about it. They have learned that all is for the best in their life's history. Bernard Gilpin was to be tried for his faith in God, and to be put to death. He was in the habit of saying, "It is all for the best, it is all for the best." Starting for London to be tried for his life and to be executed, he broke his leg. His associates said in derision, "I suppose you think this is for the best!" "Of course," said he, "it is for the best my leg is broken." So it proved. Before he got well enough to go to London, Queen Mary died, and instead of Bernard Gilpin going to London to be tried and burned for Christ's sake, he went home free. It is always for the best. "All things work together for good to those that love God."

## PERSONAL CONVICTION.

One man of strong convictions anywhere can arouse and energize and lead forward a multitude. The great want in the church and in the world is men of convictions; men who believe something, and who, because they believe, can make others believe. The attempt has been successfully made to transmute life from a person in full health and vigor to one of wasted vitality, by opening the veins of the one, that the hot blood may course therefrom into the exhausted channels of the other's life. A man of red-hot convictions has blood enough for a thousand dead-and-alive doubters. If he will but open his veins of thought and feeling, he can "create an epidemic of nobleness" in the sphere of his living and doing.

It is well to remember that an abstract Christianity is neither useful or beautiful. The value of it is only seen when it becomes a habit of living. The most shapely and beautiful garment loses its symmetry and beauty when it is cast off and laid upon a couch or hung upon a peg. Let it be put on by its owner, and you at once perceive its comeliness. Something like this is true of the religion of Christ. It is not meant to be judged or criticised apart from the lives of men.—Sunday Afternoon.

Let no man think lightly of evil, saying in his heart, it will not come nigh. Let no man think lightly of good, saying in his heart, it will not benefit me. Even by the falling of water drops a water-pot is filled.

The best service may be only of endeavor, if but faithfully trying to do.

## PERSONAL SKETCHES.

## AN INCIDENT IN FATHER TAYLOR'S LIFE.

I was in Father Taylor's study talking with him about the Temperance question, when he took down from the shelf a plain pocket Bible, and asked me to examine it. On the fly leaf was written, "To ———, from his mother." Turning over the pages I observed that in some places they were torn and stained with blood. I asked for the history. He replied:

"Some years ago I was sent for in great haste to visit a young man who was dangerously ill. I went to the house. In a miserable garret I found a lad, pale, weak, and faint from loss of blood. He told me he had been attacked with a severe hemorrhage, and knew that he was soon to die; that he had been leading a life of dissipation, had become a slave to drink, and by it had been brought to his present condition. 'My mother,' he said, 'was a godly woman. She instructed me faithfully, prayed for me tenderly, and tried to make me a good man. I left home, and came to Boston to make my own living. I intended to do right, and follow my mother's counsels. Her last gift to me was this Bible. At first I read it daily, and attended worship every Sabbath; but I fell into bad company, and gradually went astray, until I lost all my manliness and became a wretched drunkard. I have burst a blood-vessel, and am dying. For God's sake and my mother's, pray for me.' I left him in great distress. The next day I found him dead. He was lying with this book clasped to his lips. It was wet with his tears and blood, and torn with his convulsive agonies."

"Some years after, I made a temperance speech in Philadelphia. I related the incident, and held up the book as I did so. There was a stir in the audience. A poor woman, with a sad heart-broken expression, arose and tottered to the platform. She implored me to let her take the book. The stillness of the room was terrible. With trembling hands she turned to the fly leaf, and glanced at the writing there—then, with a scream, fell fainting to the floor."

"She had read the name of her own son, and for the first time knew of his sad fate."

## QUEEN VICTORIA.

Queen Victoria was not twenty years of age when she ascended the throne. Coming into possession of power with a heart fresh, tender and pure, and with all her instincts inclined to mercy, we may be sure that she found many things that tried her strength of resolution to the utmost. On a bright, beautiful morning, the young queen was waited upon at her palace of Windsor by the Duke of Wellington, who had brought from London various papers requiring her signature to render them operative. One of them was a sentence of court martial; pronounced against a soldier of the line—that sentence "that he be shot dead!" The queen looked upon the paper, and then looked upon the wondrous beauties that nature had spread to her view. "What has this man done?" she asked. The Duke looked at the paper, and replied: "Ah, my royal mistress, that man, I fear, is incorrigible. He has deserted three times." "And can you not say anything in his behalf, my lord?" Wellington shook his head. "O! think again, I pray you!" Seeing that her majesty was deeply moved and feeling sure she would not have the man shot in any event, he finally confessed that the man was brave, and gallant, and really a good soldier. "But," he added, "think of the influence." "Influence?" cried Victoria, her eyes flashing, and her bosom heaving with strong emotion. "Let it be ours to wield influence." "I will try mercy in this man's case, and I charge you, your grace, to let me know the result. A good soldier, you said. O! I thank you for that. And you may tell him that your good word saved him." Then she took the paper and wrote, with a bold, firm hand, across the dark page, the bright, saving word—"Pardoned!" The Duke was fond of telling the story; and he was willing also to confess that the giving of the paper to the pardoned soldier gave him far more joy than he could have experienced from the taking of a city.

Prince William of Prussia, the eldest son of the Crown Prince, and the future Emperor, has a very great skill in playing the violin—a skill which he acquired by taking lessons in private, without his father's knowledge, at Bonn, where he is a student. Not long ago the Crown Prince, who likes popular tunes, ordered a Hungarian band then staying at Berlin, to play at one of his family gatherings. During a pause in the music, Prince William asked the first violin player to lend him his violin for a moment, and walking up quietly behind the Crown Princess, who was engaged in conversation with some ladies, struck up one of Strauss' waltzes. The Crown Princess turned round to see where the music came from, and was equally surprised and delighted to find that it was her son playing, playing so nicely, too, that she and all the ladies applauded. He went through a variety of tunes, waltzes, student songs and quadrilles, and on leaving off and making his bow was rewarded not only with hearty applause from the princesses and ladies present, but by words of commendation from the bandmaster and the Crown Prince. Modestly disclaiming any merit for himself, he returned the violin to its owner with the words, "Your violin plays very well."

## BREVITIES.

—The Russian plague has died out.

—The betrothal of King Alfonso, of Spain, to the Princess Marie, the daughter of the Count de Paris, is announced.

—The deepest mine in the world is said to be the Adalbert lead and silver mine in Austria, which is 3,280 feet deep.

—Horace Manchester, a diver, was drowned in 80 feet of water in Newport, March 24th, his line catching in a hook on a sunken wreck.

—George W. Taylor, one of the founders of the house of Lord & Taylor, New York, died at Manchester, England, a week ago last Sunday.

—Queen Victoria left London March 25th for Cherbourg. After a short stay in Paris, she will go to Arona, on the shore of Lago Maggiore in Italy.

—The Surrogate of New York County has rendered a decision sustaining the will of the late Commodore Vanderbilt, and thus closes the great will contest.

—The elopement of Miss Nellie, aged 18, the beautiful daughter of ex-Governor Hubbard with Frederick Shepard, the family coachman, took place in Hartford, Conn., last week.

—It is stated positively that Vanderbilt has awarded the contract and the work will be commenced in April of tunneling the Detroit river. The price is \$1,500,000. The tunnel will extend from Stony Island to Anderson, Ont., 3,700 feet, for double track.

—Ebenezer Jarvis, of Huntington, L. I., was warned that if he did not leave \$30 in a certain place his house would be burned. He paid no attention to the warning and the house was burned Tuesday. Mr. Jarvis and his family were absent from home at the time the house was burned.

—A walking match between Ennis and Rowell is to take place in London on the 16th of June. Ennis is the challenging party. It will undoubtedly be a close contest. The two men met at the Ashland House, in New York, last Thursday, and signed the articles of agreement. Rowell also walks against Weston on the 5th of May and the championship of England contest, in which Rowell is to take part, comes off on the 25th of April.

—San Francisco will soon possess the most wonderful dress in the world. Professor Theodore Greiner of that city is having woven, out of threads of colored glass, spun by himself, the material for a lady's dress. The fibre is finer than the finest of floss silk and as flexible. The weaving is done on an old-fashioned hand loom, the warp being nineteen feet long and the woof four feet. Only about ten inches a day can be woven, and the whole piece will not be completed till same time in April.

—The Manhattan Beach property, with its hotels &c., has been sold for \$900,000 by the Manhattan Beach Railroad Company to the Manhattan Beach Improvement Company, which was recently incorporated. The railroad company reserves its depot and ground on the property, subject to the Improvement Company's control. The consideration for the property is paid in cash, stock, and bonds. The bonds of the Improvement Company are limited to \$300,000, and Mr. J. P. Putnam has been appointed trustee, to whom the Improvement Company has executed a mortgage.

—The division of the spoils after the New York walking match was attended with considerable unpleasantness. After paying expenses, there were some \$40,000 to be divided. When O'Leary withdrew from the ring, it was said to have been with the understanding that he should receive \$2,000. But in the division, although Rowell received \$18,000, Ennis \$11,000, and Harriman nearly \$4,000, it was decided to leave O'Leary out in the cold. The latter is not satisfied, of course—who would be? The Englishman was disposed to act fair in regard to the matter, but he was induced to act with the majority, and so O'Leary lost the belt and didn't get any money.

—Says the Buffalo Courier: "The Chicago Times, as lately enlarged and re-equipped, is an extraordinary paper. Its issue of Saturday, now before us, consists of two eight page sheets, of eight columns per page, or one hundred and twenty-eight columns, each column being as wide as, and a couple of inches longer than those of the New York Times, which ordinarily has fifty-six columns in its daily issue. But the remarkable feature of the Chicago paper is, that of its one hundred and twenty-eight columns one hundred and twelve are filled with news and reading matter, only sixteen columns containing advertisements."

—The St. Paul, Minn., Pioneer Press tells the steepest story of sleep-walking to date. George Tarr, an Illinois detective, was stopping at a St. Paul hotel over night, having just overhauled two desperate murderers. Tarr dreamed that one of his prisoners had escaped, and that he was chasing the fugitive, and awoke to find that he had jumped through the window of his room, taking the sash with him, and had fallen to a projecting roof several feet below. Realizing his strange position and dress, Tarr impulsively concluded to climb up the side of the house to his room. Gripping the corner with one hand, and clawing the outside boards with the fingers of the other, he actually succeeded in climbing up the wall like a scared cat, and entered his room without awakening any of the people about the hotel.

—Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. 41-ly.

## A KISS IN THE DARK.

BY JOEL SLOCUM.

"How is this for coal prospecting, Tom?"

"Rough, old fellow, and I for one am about used up."

"Ditto, to say nothing of our poor beasts," laughed Harry Delmont, for these young men were wending their way up one of the valleys among the Pennsylvania hills through a blinding snow-storm, searching for some habitation where they might find shelter and food.

"Hark! sleigh bells, as I live!" exclaimed Tom King; "we must bethink some settlement."

He had scarcely spoken when a double-seated sleigh, containing two young couples of pleasure-seekers, went dashing past, with snatches of songs and merry peals of laughter.

"How is that for sleigh-riding with rustic beauties?"

"The jolliest fun alive," returned his companion, "if one was not pinched with cold and hungry as a wolf. By Jove! I could eat mush and molasses, or salt pork and corn cake with as perfect a relish as I ever ate lobster-salad or fried oysters and mushrooms at Delmonico's. But heaven be praised! I behold the glimmer of a tallow dip."

"You are right, my boy, and here is a habitation of no mean dimensions."

Halting before a low and rambling farm house, these two young worthies knocked for admission. Presently a dumpy, middle-aged man made his appearance, and a woman as short and infinitely more rosy, brought up the rear, with the identical tallow dip they had seen in the distance, elevated above her head.

"Hello, there!" said the man.

"Good evening, sir," returned Delmont.

"How far is it to the nearest tavern?"

"Five miles and more," was the reply. "So far! I fear we shall be obliged to trespass upon your hospitality or perish. Our tired horses would scarcely take us that distance over such roads as these and through such a blinding snow-storm."

"Jacob Van Nostrand haint the man to turn either man or beast from his door, especially on such a night as this. Here Jumble (to a great overgrown boy who appeared opportunely,) take their horses to the stable and feed 'em well. Walk right in, gentlemen."

He led the way to the kitchen where a great fire upon the hearth greeted the weary travelers with its cheery warmth.

"Mother, git some supper; they must be hungry."

The good woman at once began preparations, and in a very short time the hungry fellows sat down to a savory meal. That finished, they drew around the fire and entered into conversation with their host and his wife, Martha, and were informed that their only "darter, Mary Ann," with her cousin Jennie Walters, from "Philadelphia," had gone to a dance. Finally as the clock struck nine—a late bedtime for the old couple—Jacob led the way to the best bed-room, a combination also of parlor. It contained a niche, screened by high chintz curtains. A cheerful fire burned upon the hearth and Delmont gave an animated whistle as he looked around when they were alone.

"A piano, Tom, as I am a sinner," exclaimed he. "I presume that rustic divinity of a 'darter' presides over its melodious strains."

"Stop your chinning, Harry, and take a look at this bed. Talk of snow banks, by jingo! this beats them blind." Was Tom's unceremonious rejoinder. And he swept aside the curtain and disclosed to their view a huge bed which reached almost to the ceiling.

"Feathers!" groaned Harry.

"Yes, a haystack of them," was King's response.

"Let's take them off," desperately.

"Heavens! No, we should never be able to get the things together again. Let's give a dive and learn how they did things in our grandfather's days."

After many jokes, at the expense of Pennsylvania feather beds, they were at length safely landed amidst the luxurious depths, and although Harry insisted he would be smothered,—that he was fixed for life, they were soon asleep. A few hours later, Delmont was suddenly roused to the consciousness of feminine presence, and as he happened to be on the "fore-side," it was an easy matter to draw aside the curtain and peep out. Having done so he gave his companion a very cautious nudge, awakened him, and both looked out upon the unexpected tableau. They saw two young maidens in robe de nuit, sitting cozily before the waning fire. The younger with her rosy face, lighted by as bright a pair of black eyes as ever were, was braiding her long, dark hair into shining strands. The other, a tall blonde, with creamy complexion, was shaking hers out of twists and plaits, which she prettily tossed about like a gold-on-vail.

"How good of Aunt Matty to have this fire made for us, Cousin May. I confess the terrors of your cold room were more to me than the freezing ride home."

"You city folks are such hot-house plants, Jennie dear."

"You darling little iceberg!" and Jennie's arms were flung around her cousin's supple waist.

"You darling little salamander!" returned May, kissing her cousin's pink cheek, "Please let me finish my hair."

At that moment Delmont groaned, but complaining winds and the beating storm drowned the sound, or the denouement might have come sooner than it did. But the fire was dying, the hair plaiting finished, and the girls resolved to retire at once.

"By gracious!" whispered Harry in to the ear of Tom, "they're coming in

here. What in thunder shall we do?"

"Keep still and play off asleep," responded his companion, and they instantly resumed their places upon the pillows.

"How are we to reach the pinnacle of this mountain of repose?" laughed Jennie.

"Oh, as you are the tallest you'll have to boost me, and I will then lend you a helping hand."

After a little more badinage and considerable laughter, May began the ascent, Jennie lending scarcely a helping hand, she was shivering with the cold, and the almost expired fire-light gave her only the dim outline of the white robed figure of her petite cousin hanging on the side of the bed.

The next moment down came May with a plunge and a stifled scream.

"A man!" she gasped. "Oh, Jennie, there's a man in the bed!"

"Fiddlesticks and nonsense!" answered her cousin, and springing up, she dashed to the mantel, struck a match, re-crossed the room, opened the curtain, and standing upon tip-toe flashed the light upon the two apparently sleeping faces. Then the little taper expired, and she ejaculated, in a smothered whisper:

"Good heavens! there are two of them! But thank fortune! they are asleep and we can steal out again without waking them."

Suiting the action to the word, they hastily gathered up their scattered wardrobe and made their way to their own room. Scarcely had the door closed upon the affrighted and shivering girls when an explosion of laughter burst from the lips of Delmont. It was instantly smothered by a pillow in the hands of Tom, else it would have awakened the entire household.

Keep still, for heaven's sake!" said Tom, "Let the poor girls think us ignorant of this exposure."

"One of them at least," returned Harry, "can't be gulled by any such moonshine."

"I should like to know why? It was too dark to see any thing distinctly; and you heard the city cousin declare we were asleep!"

"Well, you see, when the little thing was attempting to climb up here, one little hand fell directly across my mouth," said Harry, going off into a fresh roar. Tom strangled him again with the pillow, and when he had reduced him to something like silence, answered: "Well, in her confusion and fright, how could she be aware that you were cognizant of the fact?"

"Keep still, and I will tell you."

"That isn't all," gasped Harry, fighting away the pillow. "You see when that plump little hand dropped so temptingly upon my lips, I could not help kissing it."

"The deuce you did!" exclaimed Tom, and still more savagely applied the pillow to keep Delmont from another explosion.

It took an hour to settle themselves to sleep again. Meanwhile, up in the little low-roofed chamber quite as interesting a *tete-a-tete* was going on. The girls were huddled together in bed, both as rosy as peonies, and May sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Why child, they were both fast asleep, and in entire ignorance of our ever having been in the room," said Jennie soothingly.

"I—I know better," sobbed May, covering her tear-swollen eyes, "My—my hand fell across a great, nasty month, and it, it just kissed me."

"You certainly are mistaken."

"How mother came to put those men in her best bed, and who they can be, is more than I can understand. Of course I supposed mother had ordered the fire made up in the parlor on your account, Jennie, and that we were to sleep there. Oh, dear, I shall never be able to get over it!"

But she did get over it. As the young wanderers were snow-bound for several days at the farm house, they became right good friends, and six months later there was a double wedding, and Henry Delmont claimed the hand he had so warmly kissed in the dark while Tom King carried off the city belle, and both declared it was the best piece of "prospecting" they had ever done.

## Words of Wisdom.

Only actions give life thought; only moderation gives it a charm.

How little does one know of the real nature of the struggle between good and bad in the heart of another.

Never accept of favors or hospitalities without rendering an exchange of civilities when opportunity offers.

The body may rest through the sleep of the night; but the poor mind works as hard in dreams as it did through the wakeful day.

Memory can gleam but never renew. It brings us joy faint as is the perfume of the flowers, faded and dried, of the summer that is gone.

Labor without ceasing to do all the good in your power while time is allowed you, for the night will come when no man can work.

The man who possesses a passionate and revengeful temper is deprived of reason, and all that is great and noble in his nature is suppressed.

Beware of prejudices; they are like rats, and men's minds are like traps. Prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out.

Friends do not grow on every bush, though lovers may, and when one finds a good, true friend, one ought to value him—nor feel ashamed of it either.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest possession is health; the greatest ease is sleep, and the greatest medicine is a true friend.

Carlyle is said to look old and grizzly, which is not to be wondered at in a man 84 years old.

## SELECTED RECIPES.

**Lemon Pie.**—One grated lemon, two and one-half cups of boiling water, one-half cup of cold water, one and one-half cups of sugar, three tablespoonsful of corn starch, and butter the size of an egg. Put the corn starch in the cold water, and stir in the boiling water. This makes two pies. Bake with under crust. Beat the whites of three eggs for frosting.

**Frosting Cake.**—Take the whites of two eggs and beat them to a froth, then add the sugar by teaspoonsful, when you think it is stiff enough, put in the flavoring and a lump of tartaric acid about as large as a pea, dissolved in cold water. Be sure and not get too much or it will taste as if there were too much lemon on it. This frosting is smooth and shiny, and never cracks.

**Capital Oatmeal Cakes.**—Work three parts of fine oatmeal and one part of flour into a stiff paste with treacle, (golden syrup,) with the addition of a very small quantity of lard and sufficient baking powder to impart the desired lightness. Bake the paste in the form of small, flat cakes much resembling the ordinary "ginger-nuts" of the biscuit baker.

**Curried Oysters.**—Put the liquor emptied from a quart of oysters into a saucepan, add a half-cup of butter, two table-spoons flour, and one of curry powder, well mixed; let boil, add oysters, and a little salt; boil up once and serve.

**Chicken Bean Soup.**—Cut up your chicken, and put over to cook in as much water as you want for your soup. Cook about one tea-cup of beans in a separate vessel until they begin to crack open, then put them with the chicken; season with salt, butter and pepper.

**Oyster Fritters.**—Drain off liquor, boil, skim, and to a cupful add a cup of milk, two or three eggs, salt and pepper, and flour enough to make rather a thick batter. Have hot lard or beef drippings ready in a kettle, drop the batter in it with a large spoon, taking up one oyster for each spoonful. The oyster must be large and plump.

**Fruit Cake.**—This is not only an excellent cake, but is light and digestible: Three cups of sugar, five of flour, two of milk, two of butter or lard, seven eggs, three teaspoonsful baking powder, one of salt, one pound raisins, one-half pound citron or candied lemon, one-half pound of English currants or figs; spices. This will make three cakes. Bake one and one-half hours.

**Sugar Ginger Snaps.**—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, three eggs, two large tablespoonsful of ginger and four tablespoonsful of caraway seeds; two tablespoonsful of baking powder (but you must be careful not to get too much of the baking powder in, as you do not want it to rise or puff up), and flour to make it stiff enough to roll out. Cut them in diamond-shaped cakes and bake to a light brown. They must be rolled out thin, and good sweet drippings or shortening of any kind may be used instead of butter.

**Rich Plum Cake.**—Two full quarts of finest flour, one pound of loaf sugar, three pounds of currants, one pound of raisins chopped, one-quarter ounce of mace and cloves, a grated nutmeg, peel of a lemon cut fine, half a pound of blanched almonds, beaten with rose or orange-flower water; mix thoroughly, then melt two pounds of butter in rather more than a pint of cream, put to it a pint of sherry, a glass of brandy, twelve eggs, yolks and whites beaten apart, and half a pint of yeast; strain this into the dry ingredients, beat a full hour, butter your hoop, throw in plenty of chips of citron, lemon and orange candy, as you put in your butter, bake moderately quick.

## A PARROT'S FIETY.

Capt. James Etcheberger vouches for the following bird story:

About thirty years ago, when in Honduras, in command of the bark Eldorado, his wife, then accompanying him, was presented with a parrot, a sprightly bird and a fluent discusser in the Spanish language. The bird was brought to this city, where, after being domiciled in the household of the captain's family, it soon acquired a knowledge of the English tongue. The next-door neighbor of the captain was a garrulous woman—an incessant scold—forever quarreling with some one or something.

Polly, being allowed full liberty, was pleased to take an airing on the yard-fence, and in a short time had learned to mimic the scolding neighbor to perfection, and finally became aggressive. Polly not infrequently rued her impertinence by being knocked off the fence with a broomstick.

This brought forth a torrent of abuse from her injured feelings upon the head of her assailant. Finally the bird's language became so abusive that the captain was obliged to send it away, and Polly was transferred to a good Christian family in the country, where in the course of time she reformed and became to some extent a bird of edifying piety.

Some time ago, while she was sunning herself in the garden, a large hawk swooped down and bore the distressed parrot off as a prize. Her recent religious training came to her assistance, as at the top of her voice she shrieked, "O, Lord, save me! O, Lord, save me!"

The hawk became so terrified at the unexpected cry, that he dropped his intended dinner and soared away in the distance.

Polly still survives her attempted abduction.—Baltimore News.

## Kind Inquires.

Cousin Kate was a sweet, wide-awake beauty of about seventeen, and she took it into her head to go down on Long Island to see some relations of hers who had the misfortune to live there. Among those relations there chanced to be a young swain, who had seen Kate on a previous occasion, and, seeing, fell deeply in love with her. He called at the house on the evening of her arrival, and she met him on the piazza, where she was enjoying the evening air in company with two or three of her friends. The poor fellow was so bashful that he could not find his tongue for some time. At length he stammered out: "How's your mother?"

"Quite well, thank you." Another silence on the part of Josh, during which Kate and her friends did the best they could to relieve the monotony. After waiting about fifteen minutes for him to commence to make himself agreeable, he again broke the spell by: "How's your father?" which was answered much in the same manner as the first one, and then followed another silence like the other. "How's your father and mother?" again put in the bashful lover. "Quite well both of them." This was followed by a change of glances and a suppressed smile. This lasted some ten minutes more, during which Josh was fidgeting in his seat stroking his Sunday hat. But at length another question: How's your parents? This produced an explosion that made the woods ring.

## The Poor are the Sufferers.

The failure of Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, has been productive of much suffering among the poor Irish and Germans.

One old man, an Irishman, sixty years of age, said to a New York Herald correspondent:

"I have been trying to get a job of work to do on the streets to-day—something that will give me two or three day's work in a week—because I am ruined by the Archbishop."

"How much did you have in his hands?"

"All I had in the world, \$4,500. It was the savings of twenty years' labor. My sister, too, had \$2,000 there, and she, like me, must go to work to earn her living."

This is only a simple case of many that fell under your correspondent's observation. The failure affects the poorer classes—day laborers and working people generally, both male and female—and will unquestionably be the cause of a great deal of suffering.

## A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

APRIL 6th, 1879.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 6th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Daniel ix.  
2d Lesson—Matthew xxvi.  
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the Sunday next before Easter.</